



# THE TOWN SPY,

O R,

The Devil's Factors Discover'd.

In Several

Witty and Ingenious Dialogues ;

BETWEEN

I. A Miserly Griping Father, and a Prodigal  
and Wasteful Son.

II. A Jealous Husband, and a Jocosè but In-  
nocent Wife.

III. A Tailor and a Barber turn'd Gentle-  
men at *Tunbridge-Wells*.

IV. The Amorous Seaman and the Disdain-  
ful Mistress.

V. A *Newcastle* Collier, a *London* Cole-Mer-  
chant and Cole Meter at *Billinggate*.

VI. A *Kentish* Farmer, and a *London*-Corn-Fa-  
ctor, Meal-man and Baker, at *Queen-hishe*.

The whole laying open,  
Their Cunning Intrigues, and Subtle and  
Wicked Designs.

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P A R T II.

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*Publiſh'd for the Information of the Unwar-  
y to prevent their falling into their Snare.*

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# THE TOWNSPY:

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The Devil's Factors Discover'd.  
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Dialogues, &c.

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## PART II.

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### DIALOGUE I.

#### BETWEEN

Pinchgut, *a griping Miserly Father, and*  
Scattergood *a Wasting Prodigal Son,*  
*and Gnatho a Jacka-both-sides, or*  
*Time-serving Flatterer.*

**B**Efore I begin this Dialogue it  
will be necessary to acquaint  
the Reader with the design of  
these Dialogues in general ; which in

2      *A Miserly Griping Father,*  
short, is only to set the Vices of Men  
in a true Light, that so the Ugliness  
and Deformity of them being made  
manifest and detected, they may be  
avoided : And therefore may not un-  
fairly be compar'd with the Pail of  
Water, which first discover'd to a  
Country Slut her Nastiness, and then  
help'd to make her clean ; which be-  
ing so much to the purpose, I shall set  
down in the Authors own Words.  
[*Muses Looking-Glass, p. 126.*]

*A Country Slut ( for such she was, tho' here  
I th' City may be Sluts, as well as there )  
Kept her Hands clean ( for those being always seen,  
Had told her else how Sluttish she had been. )  
But had her Face as nasty as the Stall  
Of a Fishmonger, or an Usurer's Hall      ( say,  
Daub'd o'er with dirt ; one might have dar'd to  
She was a true Piece of Prometheus Clay,  
Not yet inform'd ; and then her unkemb'd Hair  
Dress'd up with Cobwebs, made her Hag-like stare :  
One Day within her Pail, ( for Country Lasses,  
Fair Ladies, have no other Looking-Glasses )  
She spy'd her Ugliness, and fain she would  
Have blush'd, if thorow so much dirt she could ;  
Asham'd, within that Water, that I say,  
Which shew'd her Filth, she wash'd her Filth away.  
Just so these Dialogues, as I intend them,  
Serve first to shew our Faults, and then to mend 'em.*

Having

*and a Prodigal and Wasteful Son. 3*

Having thus acquainted the Reader with our general design ; we may now let the Interlocutors speak for themselves : An old griping miserly and yet doating Father, who tho' he sees his Folly, yet knows not how to help it, nor dares not give himself what Nature calls for, but still is scraping all he can together, for his Son to spend it ; who is as wastefully Prodigal as his Father's griping ; living in all Vice and Luxuriousness, both being the Devil's Factors, but serving him in different extreems. But hear 'em speak themselves.

*[Enter Pinchgut alone, looking upon his  
heaps of Gold.]*

Pinchgut. O Gold ! How Cordial ! How restorative art thou ! Thy very sight revives me. Methinks I feel a Spring of Youth succeed my Age of Winter ! But if the sight of Gold be so restorative, then what is the Enjoyment ? That I may say, Thou'rt mine, is all the Enjoyment that my Soul desires : For that I've chose to live a Dunghil-Wretch, and have grown strangely

4     *A Miserly Griping Father,*  
ly poor by getting Riches ; and suffer'd my  
own Carcass, as well as Gold, to rust : To  
make these heaps my own, I have starv'd  
my Body, thus to a wrinkled Skin and  
rotten Bones ; and Spider-like, have spun a  
Web of Gold out of my Bowels ; and only  
knew the Care, but not the Use of Gold.  
Well, since I have obtain'd thee, I am sa-  
tisfy'd : 'Tis these blest Heaps make me  
amnds for all. But I shall slip my time  
ere I'm aware ; I must this morning re-  
ceive a Mortgage, which will be th' Earn-  
e't of a good Estate ; for 'twill of course  
all fall to me ere long — Come, Scatter-  
good, where are you ?

*Enter Scattergood.*

*Scatterg.* What wou'd you please to  
have with me, Sir ?

*Pinchg.* Why you must go along with  
me to th' Scriveners.

*Scatterg.* I was in hopes you wou'd  
have said a Bawdy-House.

*Pinchg.* Ungracious Child, when wilt  
thou be reclaim'd ? Will nothing serve thee  
but destructive Pleasures ? No, Scattergood,  
you must go with me to the Scriveners, and  
be

*and a Prodigal and Wasteful Son.* 5

*be a Witness there of the delivery of a Mortgage to me ; and thence we'll go to the Exchange.*

*Scatterg.* No, to the Tavern next sure.

*Pinchg.* *Be a good Husband Son, follow my Counsel, the Tavern is a place of Waste and Riot.*

*Scatterg.* Your Counsel, Father ! No, you had better follow mine by half, and be a good Fellow——Shall we go and roar ? S'lid Father, I shall never live to spend half you have got already——Pox of Attorney's, Merchants, and Scriveners : I wou'd fain hear you talk of Drawers, Fidlers, Wine and Wenches : There's some Musick in these.

*Pinchg.* *Prodigal Child ! Thou little know'st the Sweets of getting Wealth !*

*Scatterg.* Nor you the Pleasure that I take in spending of it : To feed on Caveare, and eat Anchovies.

*Pinchg.* *Learn to be Wise my Child ; talk not to me of your Anchovies, or your Caveare ; no, feed on Widows ; have each Meal an Orphan serv'd to your Table, or a glibbery Heir, with all his Lands melted*



6      *A Miserly Griping Father,*  
*into a Mortgage, the Gods themselves feed*  
*not on such fine Dainties ; such fattening*  
*thriving Diet.*

*Scatterg.* How strangely do you talk,  
Sir? Ne'er stir, but I'm asham'd to  
call you Father : One of your Wealth,  
and thus to cark and care, now  
you have brought me up to be a Gentleman ! Come, I will send for a  
whole Coach or two of *Fleetstreet* Ladies,  
and be brisk and merry ; why  
shou'd the World cry out, you pinch  
for nothing ? Well, you may do your  
Pleasure ; but if you keep me short of  
Money now, when you are dead, (as  
die I hope you must) I'll set th' Im-  
prison'd Bags at liberty, and quickly  
let 'em see the Light agen : One half  
I'll make a shift to spend at least, e're  
you are put into your Coffin, and the  
other half before you're fully laid in-  
to your Grave ; and were you not far  
better to help away with some on't  
while you live. But you will starve  
your self, that when you're rotten,  
one Have-at-all of mine, may set it  
flying. Nay, I will have your Bones  
cut into Dice, and so I'll make you  
guilty

*and a Prodigal and Wasteful Son. 7*

guilty of the spending it : Or else I'll get a very handsome Bowl made of your Skull, to drink't away in Healths.

Pinchg. O Scattergood, *that's not the way to thrive : It is much better far to sit and brood on thy Estate ; for yet it is not hatch'd into it's full maturity.*

Scatterg. Brood on it, did you say ? Yes, yes, I'll brood upon't, and hatch it into Chickens, Hens and Capons, Larks, Thrushes, Quails, and Woodcocks, Snipes and Pheasants ; the best that can be got for Love or Money : For when all's done, there's nothing like good Eating and good Drinking.

Pinchg. Yes, yes, my Son, there's greater Pleasure far ; thou do'st not know the Sweets that lie conceal'd in Usury, Exaction and Oppression : Twenty i'th' hundred is a very Nectar. And wilt thou, Wasteful Boy, spend in a Supper, what I with so much Sweat and Labour, so much Care and Industry, have been an Age a scraping up together ? No, Scattergood, trust Gray-Headed Experience ; and as I've been an Ox, a painful Ox, a toiling diligent, laborious

8      *A Miserly Griping Father,*  
*horious Ox, to plow up Gold for thee, so I*  
*would have thee.*

*Scatterg.* Be a fine silly Ass to keep  
it, wou'd ye?

*Pinchg.* Be a good watchful Dragon  
to preserve it.

*Gnatho.* I over-heard your Wise  
Instructions, Sir, and cou'd not but  
admire at your sage Counsel. Your  
Wild-unbridled Son, Sir, is not  
yet grown well enough acquainted  
with the World : Alas! He has not  
felt the weight of Need, nor does he  
know that Want is Vertue's Clog, and  
keeps it from aspiring to great Acti-  
ons; he's yet to learn the great re-  
spect and value Wealth is of; and  
how contemptible and base that  
wretch'd thing, call'd Poverty, does  
make us.

*Pinchg.* You speak judiciously; your  
Words have weight; and he that does not  
keep his Purse in that condition, will be  
but very slenderly regarded.

*Gnatho.* Sir you say right : For tho' a  
Man knows all the Arts and Sciences,  
can speak more Languages than e're  
were spoke at Babel; nay, cou'd he num-  
ber

*and a Prodigal and Wasteful Son. 9*

ber all the Stars, and take the exact dimensions of the Sun, yet if his Purse weigh'd light, he wou'd be counted but a sorry fellow.

*Pinchg. And reason good, for still he'd want that which wou'd make him most considerable.*

*Gnatho.* Yet Liberality may in some Circumstances be allow'd; as when it has no end but honesty; with a respect of Person, Quantity, Quality, Time and Place: But this profuse, vain injudicious spending, speaks a Man an Idiot. Besides, the best of Liberality is to be liberal to our selves; and thus I am sure your Wisdom is most liberal: For you well know how fond a thing it is for discreet Men to purchase, with the loss of their Estates, the Name of one poor Vertue, Liberality; and that too only from the Mouth of Beggars. One of your Judgment, would not, I am sure, buy all the Vertues at so dear a Rate.

*Pinchg. Buy at so dear a Rate, d'ye say? Nay, if they must be bought at any Rate, I'll go without 'em; I'm not for lay-*  
*ing*

10 *A Miserly Griping Father,*

*ing Money out so foolishly : I know the Worth on't better ; and therefore you are in the right for that, for Vertue I esteem no longer good, than there is Money to be got by it.*

*Gnatho.* You speak like one that understand your self, and are acquainted with the worth of Money ; which rightly you esteem your *Summum Bonum* ; and is to be by any means obtain'd : And therefore I presume you're not so fond to weigh your Gains by the strict Scales of Equity and Justice ; for those are Names invented purposely to make Men Beggars.

*Pinchg.* You're right again, Sir ; and therefore I ne'er use 'em. Equity and Justice quotha ? Why that won't let a Man get above six in the hundred for one's Money : And if I had nt got twenty, and thirty, nay fifty, and sometimes Cent per Cent. I shou'd have ne'er got what I have ?

*Gnatho.* I do believe you, Sir ; and as for my Part, I believe no Gain's unlawful : And I prove it thus : Nothing's unlawful, that tends to promote

mote a Man's Happiness ; but a Man's Happiness consists in having Money : Ergo, Whatever a Man does to get Money, is lawful.

Pinchg. *I know not what you mean by Ergo ; but upon my Conscience 'tis a very good Argument.*

Gnatbo. I am sure your Practice has justify'd my Argument.

Pinchg. *And I am sure your Argument has justify'd my Practice ; and so we are pretty even.*

Gnatbo. But, Sir, I have a kindness to request of you.

Pinchg. *I hope you don't intend to borrow Money of me ; and much less I shou'd give you any ; for if you do, you come to the wrong House : For I'll assure you, Sir, the first I never do but upon Extraordinary Interest and good Security ; and as to the last, shou'd my own Father ask me, I'd deny him, tho' he was at the point of starving.*

Gnatbo. I do applaud your Wisdom, Sir ; which if you did act otherways, I shou'd be very ready to suspect ; but I'll assure you, Sir, the kindness I wou'd ask you, is of another nature.

Pinchg.



Pinchg. I'm very glad of it; and at the same time declare, I so well like your Sentiments, there is no kindness you can ask me, but I'll be ready to oblige you in, provided always it don't touch my Pocket. But pray, what is it that you wou'd request of me?

Gnatbo. Why truly Sir, that for the good of your Posterity, you'd leave Scheme behind you of all those frugal methods you made use of, to get together such a vast Estate; that it maybe a Pattern to your Son, whose wild and untaught Youth treads now in ways of a destructive Tendency.

Pinchg. O Sir, I had far rather learn of you, for you I'm sure are able to instruct me how I may yet add to that little store I've been so long a getting. And perhaps may have a greater Influence on my Son, than if I spake my self.

Gnatbo. It is your Pleasure, Sir, to tell me so; however, to promote Frugality and Parsimony, and to reclaim a Wasteful Prodigal, I'll shew at your Request, what methods should be taken.

*and a Prodigal and Wasteful Son. 13*

*Scatterg.* Pox o'this Rogue, that by his damn'd seducing Cant wou'd make my Father worse, (if worse can be.)

*Pinchg.* *Pray Son attend with Care to what this worthy Gentleman shall say ; for he will shew you—*

*Scatterg.* How I shall scatter what you've rak'd together. If that were it, I'd hear't with all my Heart. But I have something else to do, than stay and hear him preach a musty Lecture of Frugality. [Exit.

*Pinchg.* O heedless and unthinking Prodigal ! 'Twas well for thee that I was born before thee.—Well, Sir, tho' he won't hear you, yet I'll be glad to be instructed by you. And therefore pray proceed.

*Gnatho.* I cann't pretend to instruct you Sir ; tho', I am willing to put my helping hand to the Reforming of a wasteful World : But yet I have so little cause of dictating, I need but only to recite your Practice : Which is, Sir, in the first place to avoid all Expences by any means whatever : As for instance, if Servants shou'd complain of cold, and you've no  
work

work in which you can imploy 'em, to save the charge of firing, make them remove your Faggots from the Cellar to the Garret, by that time they'll have got 'em a good heat; and the next time that the cold pinches 'em, let 'em remove 'em from the Garret to the Cellar; which Practice when they're us'd to, they'll either not complain of cold, or else know how to warm them without Charge.

*Pinchg. Excell·nt good! I have done so many a time: I pray proceed.*

*Gnatbo.* Then Servants Wages must be taken care of, or else much Money runs away in that; and here there's several things to be observ'd: As first, be sure to make no bargain with 'em before Witness; and then whate'er you promise, you may give 'em what you please; for if they offer to complain, your Word's as good as theirs; and tho' it ben't so true, 'twill sooner be believ'd; because you live in Credit, and 'tis presum'd you will not speak what's false. And then be sure in your agreement with 'em, to let this be one Article, that they shall

pay

em, pay for whatsoever's lost, or broke, or  
make spoil'd: And one Sir of your Principles and Conscience, may make such  
in the use of this, that whensoever a Servant  
time leaves you, you still may bring so  
; and large a Charge against him, that he  
nches may always be in debt to you: And  
in the then their Diet is another thing that  
actice must be regulated, for Servants oft  
either are very wasteful that way: And  
know therefore I'd be sure to learn what  
arge. they love best, and keep that from  
ve done em by all means you can; for they'll  
s must not only eat those things more freely,  
Mo- but may convey some part of it away  
here to eat another time; and then I'd  
serv'd: learn what 'tis they've most aversion  
argain to; and that I wou'd be sure to give  
then em often, especially if it be cheap;  
y give for so they'll only eat what Hunger  
y offer calls for; and by that means, their  
ood as Meat will go the farther. And to en-  
'twill courage them to Diligence and to  
u live Frugality, I'd feed 'em up with hopes  
u will of a good Legacy; and that I'd leave  
en be- em what shou'd be considerable:  
m, to Tho' in the end I'd leave 'em not so  
y shall much as one, that by such Promises  
pay

16 *A Miserly Griping Father,*

as these, drill'd on a Servant a long time, to serve him without Wages.

*Pinchg.* Let me intreat you, Sir, tell me how that was ; perhaps it may be something in my way, for I wou'd willingly save what I cou'd.

*Gnatbo.* Sir, I shall readily do what I can to serve you : The Story then in short was this : An honest Man (for so he was unto himself, tho' the World call'd him Knave) profess'd mighty kindness to his Servant, and told him he wou'd leave him such a Legacy should make him drink where all his Friends wou'd not, and that what he wou'd leave him he should find wou'd be considerable : This he wou'd oft repeat, when he had sent him about any business ; which fill'd the Fellow with such mighty hopes that he resolv'd to serve his Master *Gratis*, in hopes his Legacy wou'd be the greater : At last the honest Man his Master, falls sick, and on his Death-bed charges his Executor to give to *John* (for so his Man was nam'd) what he should find in such a Trunk but not till he was dead ; for, says he

a long time has been a faithful Servant, and  
ages. for a great while serv'd me without  
Sir, wages; and I have told him oft,  
may that for his kindness, I wou'd be sure  
u'd will leave him, when I dy'd, that which  
you'd make him drink, and there-  
fore what you find in such a Trunk,  
is his, and pray defraud him not of  
any part of it. *John* thanks him  
tho' thoartily, and prays his Passage may  
be short and easie. In fine he dies;  
and *John* after his Burial claims the  
possession of the Trunk was left him,  
and longs to see the Treasure that  
was in it. The Trunk felt very heav-  
y, which rais'd *John's* Expectations  
This he had a little; at last comes the Exe-  
cutor, and opens it; and all the Treas-  
ure that was found therein, was only  
six great Stones, and six red Herrings  
his Master kept up in a brown Paper, which  
wou'd be the things that were to make  
next Master drink, if he cou'd tell but how  
his Death purchase it. *John* fum'd and fret-  
to give to and rail'd against his Master  
s nam'd yously; but all in vain, for all  
a Trunk *John* cou'd say, cou'd never hurt  
r, says he.



Pinchg. Well, 'tis a pretty Story. I declare it, and an Example worth the imitating. And cou'd I find one that would trust like John, I willingly could leave him such another Legacy.

Gnatbo. Tho' such confiding Servants are not often met with, yet with good Usage, Sir, and good Instructions, they may be manag'd to advantage.

Pinchg. Good Usage, Sir; what you mean by that? One may bestow money on their Servants by good usage, than one can like to get by 'em. This e'nt an Age to pamper Servants in: If they've good wages I think they have enough, and shou'd be thankful for it.

Gnatbo. I think so too, Sir; I wou'd I have you give 'em good words, but that they'll cost you nothing, and often-times please Fools.

Pinchg. Why you say true; but on second thoughts, I think good words cost much: For why shou'd Servants have anything that's good, when we that are Masters deny it to our selves.

Gnatbo. You are i'th' right, but there's another reason why

*and a Prodigal and Wasteful Son. 19*

*Story I d* thou'd not be over-prodigal of our  
*h the im* good words to Servants, which is be-  
*hat wou* cause they'll seldom give us such ;  
*ould lea* tho' I confess we're even with 'em  
*ding Se* here again ; and very seldom give 'em  
*h, yet wi* any cause for't.

*Instruct* Pinchg. *Why, that's true too. For I'll*  
*to adva* tell you how I use my Servants : I never  
*; what* fail to pick a Quarrel with 'em against  
*bestow m* Quarter Day, and by that means turn 'em  
*re, than o* away without their Wages. Nay, I have  
*at an Ag* done more than this, for when I have de-  
*ve good w* liver'd to my Groom my Horses Provender,  
*nd shou'd* and he has given it 'em, I have gone pri-  
*ing of my* vately, and stole it half away, and then  
*ing of my* tell out with him for cheating me, and  
*ing of my* Harving of my Horses.

*, Sir ;* Gnatbo. Nay, Sir, I see you will  
*e 'em go* out-do me far ; I will presume no  
*cost you* longer to instruct you ; this was in-  
*ease Fools* deed a Master piece.

*ue ; but* Pinchg. I'll tell you what I've often  
*good word* me besides ; you know I have a Coun-  
*ants have* ey House at Putney ?

*that are* Gnatbo. I do so, Sir !

*right,* Pinchg. *Why I have often took a Scul-*  
*son why* thither, and us'd to make him still bate  
*in* his Fair, for helping him to row.

Gnatbo.

*Gnatho.* That was but just and reasonable ; 'tis fit he shou'd allow you for your Labour, as well as you did him.

*Pinchg.* *Indeed they'd very often curse me for it ; but what car'd I for that ? Still I sav'd Money by't.*

*Gnatho.* I reckon, Sir, it is a folly to regard the Peoples Curses : For those that make it their chief business to be getting Money, are like the Fox, the more they're curs'd, the better still they thrive. And if 'tis true that Money answers all things, (which was the truest thing that *Solomon* e'er said) then he that wants no Money, can want nothing else, for all things else 'tis in his Power to purchase.

*Pinchg.* 'Tis very true, Sir ; but I see my Son is here again ; Pray read this Letter unto him :

*Your Tongue is Powerful and may work upon him.*

*Exit Pinchg.*

*Gnatho.* Dear Mr. Scattergood, your Father has desir'd me to read a Letter to you.

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Scatter. 'Twill be a good one then I'll  
warrant you : But let me hear't however.

Gnatho. It will be such a one as  
you will be a willing Pupil to :  
Think you I meant all that I told  
your Father ? No, 'twas to blind the  
Eyes of the old Hunks : A wretch so  
given to the Love of Money, that  
he'll not stick at any Villany that so  
he may procure it : I'll undertake  
he'd Rob, Pick Pockets, Murder, and  
betray his Countrey ; nay, Plot a-  
gainst her Majesty, and venture Hang-  
ing for it, for the sake of Gold : His  
Name is never us'd without a Curse ;  
and the best word Men give him, is  
Villain, Wretch, Knave ; Common  
Barreter, Oppressor, and Insatiable  
Horse-Leach. I love a Man like you,  
that can make much of your blest  
Genius : Thou Miracle of Charity,  
that open Hand becomes thee : Let  
thy Father scrape, like a Dunghil  
Cock, the Dirt and Mire, to find a Gem  
for thee, the Chicken of the white  
Hen to wear. It is a wonder how  
such a generous Branch as you could  
spring from that old Cursed Root of

B

damned

damned Avarice. For every Widows House the Father swallows, the Son shou'd spew a Tavern. For how can we be call'd richer than others? 'Tis not in having much, but in the using what we have, and in bestowing it; and that shines glorious in you.

Scatterg. Faith, this is more to th' purpose than all I ever heard you say before. Now I begin to think thee art a honest Fellow: How purely now shall I go home anon, and coax th' old Rogue my Father? I'll tell him that I like your Counsel mightily, and am resolv'd to take it; which will surprize him strangely: But had it been the Counsel he design'd me, I wou'd a seen him poxt, e're I'd a mind-ed it.

Gnatho. And you'd a been i'th' right on't.

Scatterg. Come, Boy, let's to the Tavern, and wash this Counsel down with good Canary; and there let's think what we shall get for Dinner. For without Musick, Wine and Wench'es, I shan't know how to spend my Money fast enough.

Gnatho. Dear Scattergood, how much I'm taken with thee! Methinks I hear

and  
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son'd i  
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to see  
Scat  
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hear the old Chuffs Crowns, imprisonment in his Trusty Chest, groan out, and long till they be thine, in hopes to see the light again.

Scatterg. I wish I had 'em once, quickly let 'm see the light again. Come, here's a good Health to my Father's Funeral: I long to see that sight; and shou'd esteem it a much finer Show than what the City makes upon my Lord Mayor's Day. My mourning shou'd be all in Sack and Claret. [Sings.

Slaves are they that heap up Mountains,  
Still desiring more and more;  
I'll carouse in Bacchus Fountains,  
Never dreaming to be poor:  
Give me then a Glass of Liquor,  
Fill it up unto the Brim;  
For methinks my Wit grows quicker,  
When my Brains in Liquor swim.

Gnatbo. Well, Scattergood, I see thou canst not stand up to th' Chin in *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, and yet not dare to drink it; nor canst thou suffer the Golden Apples dangling at thy Lips, and yet not taste the Fruit.



Scatterg. No, Gnatho, no; I'm made of a more soft and moving Clay; and will taste all those pleasures that Money can procure, or I be capable of the enjoying. Nor wou'd I have 'em single, but I wou'd feast my senses altogether; and have my Ears, Eyes, Palate, Nose and Touch, at once enjoy their Happiness: First I'd be laid upon a Bed made of a Summer's Cloud: And then for my Embraces, give me a Venus hardly yet fifteen, Fresh, Plump, and Active; she that Mars enjoy'd, is grown too stale: And then at the same instant my Touch is pleas'd, I wou'd delight my sight, with Pictures of Diana and her Nymphs, Naked and Bathing, drawn by some Apelles; by them I'd have some Beauteous Virgins stand; that I may see whether 'tis Art or Nature that beightens most my Blood and Appetite: And then at the same moment, to gratify my Hearing, I'd have the seven Orbs to Charm my Ears with their Celestial Lutes. And for my smell, the Sun himself shall fire the Phoenix Nest to make me a Perfume; whilst I to gratify my Taste, both eat the Bird, and quaff Eternal Nectar.

Gnatho.

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*and a Prodigal and Wasteful Son. 25*

*Gnatbo.* You're in the right on't, my dear *Scattergood* : For why, since Nature has been bountiful, why shou'd we be Niggards at such plentiful Boards ? When Nature thought the Earth alone too little to find us Meat, she therefore stor'd the Air with winged Creatures : Not contented yet, she made the Water fruitful to delight us : Did she do this to have us eat with Temperance ? Or when she made the Vine to yield us such Celestial Liquor, did she intend we shou'd be always sober and not taste it ? Sure, when she gave so many different Odors of Spices, Unguents, and all sorts of Flowers, she cry'd not stop your Noses : Nor did she give us so sweet a Quire of wing'd Musicians, to have us deaf, that so we might not hear 'em ? Or when she plac'd us here, in such a Paradise of pleasing Prospects, with various Colours to entice the Eye, was it to have us wink, and not to see 'em ? When she bestow'd such Powerful Faces, and commanding Beauties, on many glorious Nymphs, was it to say, be

26 *A Miserly Griping Father,*  
Chaste and Continent? Not to En-  
joy all Pleasures, and at full, were  
to make Nature guilty of that she  
ne'er was guilty of, a Vanity in her  
Works.

Scatterg. Grammercy Gnatho, for  
this Learned Lecture; thou shalt be Do-  
ctor of the Chair for me: There [gives him  
some Gold.]

*It is too little; but 'tis all my store :  
I'd in to pump my Dad, and fetch thee more.*

Thus by this Dialogue the Reader may  
Behold, how Satan makes Mankind his Prey :  
For tho' they in their tempers disagree,  
They equally the Devil's Factors be : (Slave,  
First, here's old Pinchgut, a damn'd griping }  
Who wou'd sell Heav'n, that he the Earth might }  
(have ;  
And still the more he has, the more does crave.

Yet what he has, he don't at all Enjoy,  
But hoards up all for his Luxurious Boy :  
He like a Swine wallows in heaps untold,  
And knows the Cares, but not the use of Gold :  
His Toil and Labour for it never ceases ;  
For as his Gold, so still his Thirst increases :  
And the poor wretch, i'th' midst of all his store,  
May well be call'd Emphatically Poor.  
He has a Stomach, and he sees the Meat,  
And knows it is his own, yet dares not Eat.

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*and a Prodigal and Wasteful Son: 27*

*Of all the Sinners that on Earth there be,  
None goes to Hell more wretchedly than he.*

*I'th' second Place, let's Scattergood behold,  
A young Debauch, that's Impudent and Bold;  
This Wasteful Riotous Luxurious Sot,  
Spends like a Fool what the old Knave has got:  
He'll Drink, and Wench, and Game, and Rant,  
(and Roar,*

*Until he's spent his griping Father's store,  
And beg at last, when he has got no more:  
And this is all the World of him can say,  
He only goes to Hell the easier way.*

*Lastly, In Gnatho we may plainly see  
How vile a thing a Flatterer will be:  
Who that he may infatuate Mankind,  
Disgorges Fire and Water with a Wind:  
'Tis such as he bolster up Men in Sin,  
And have the Devil's Factors always been.*

*Then by this Mirror let all learn to shun  
The hateful ways of Sin, nor headlong run  
To that destruction that awaits on those  
Who with the ways of Sin and Death do close:  
But those that unto Vertue's Paths take heed,  
And walk therein, they shall be blest indeed.*

18  
DIALOGUE II.

BETWEEN

*Zelotypus, a Jealous Husband,  
Hylaria, a Jocosse, but Vertuous  
Wife, and Sequestris; a Friend  
to 'em both.*

**T**HIS Dialogue will present the Reader with another of the Devil's Factors, a Jealous Husband, whose violent and yet causeless suspicions of his Wife takes away all the comfort of their Lives, he taking every thing by the wrong handle, and misconstruing the most Innocent Actions; and his Wife knowing her own Innocence, and being of a Jocosse temper, does many things wilfully and jocularly, that helps to enrage her Husband, and make him more jealous; whilst *Sequestris*, who endeavours to make 'em both Friends,  
is

is an unhappy occasion of making the breach wider.

[Enter Zelotypus, or the Jealous Husband alone.]

Zelotyp. O Jealousie ! How miserable dost thou make me ! Sure there is none so wretched as my self : I seek for that which I'm afraid to find, and when 'tis found will make me more unhappy. So that the end of all my search, is but to be more miserable. But cou'd I find that she has made me Cuckold ;—hold—let me see—wou'd that be any ease ? Yes, I wou'd then pursue 'em with my Vengeance whilst they were reaking in the Bed of Lust, and make 'em dire Examples to Posterity.—But now with an Imperious scorn she slights me, and vindicates her self against the plainest Proofs that I alledge for her unfaithfulness.—Well, I'm resolv'd I'll find out all her haunts ; the Dragon never watch'd the Golden Fruit in the *Hesperian Orchard*, more narrowly than I will



30     *A Jealous Husband, and a*  
watch her Waters.— But here she  
comes I see, and in her countenance  
I see her guilt.

[*Enter Hilaria, his Wife.*]

Hilar. *How does my Dear, this Morn-  
ing?*

Zelotyp. And why that Epithet of  
Dear, I wonder, I never yet cost you  
so much.

Hilar. *Why truly Dear.*—

Zelotyp. What Dear again? This is  
a plain Affront, and done on pur-  
pose, I discover now.

Hilar. *What great discoveries you have  
made, I know not; but what I was about  
to say was this, that you have cost me ma-  
ny an hours thought, to find out what oc-  
casion I have given you for your morose  
and surley Carriage towards me.*

Zelotyp. No, no; I know the rea-  
son why you call'd me Dear, it was  
because you knew you'd made me  
one.

Hilar. *I understand you not, explain  
your meaning.*

*Zelotyp.*

*Zelotyp.* You know my meaning well enough, but your own guilt won't suffer you to own it.

*Hilar.* Your words are still more dark and intricate: What guilt is this you seem to charge me with? I know of none that I can charge my self withal. And therefore Love (for since you like not to be called Dear, I won't offend you with it) if I am guilty of any thing that has offended you, I do assure you 'tis a Sin of Ignorance; and if you let me know it, I'll reform it.

*Zelotyp.* You're guilty of too much; and what it is, you know much better than my self I'm sure.

*Hilar.* The Man's distracted sure enough, and raves; either speak plainly what you have to say, or else you had far better hold your Tongue.

*Zelotyp.* Why then if you must have it out, you call'd me Dear, because you'd made me Horns.

*Hilar.* How! Made ye Horns! What Cuckolded you?

*Zelotyp.* You know the matter well enough I see.

*Hilar.*

Hilar. *Why you amaze me, Husband: Is't in that Corner then, that the Wind blows? I thought it must be something made the Cat wink, when both her Eyes were out. Pray who was't put this Crotchet in your Noddle?*

Zelotyp. *Why how now Strumpet, is this a Subject to be merry with?*

Hilar. *Strumpet, d'ye say? Know I defie your words: No Turtle e'er was truer to her Mate, than I have been to you, altho' you han't deserv'd it: And such is my own Innocence, that I can well enough allow my self to laugh at the wild freaks of such a jealous Coxcomb.*

Zelotyp. *So; now you shew your self: But 't e'nt your high words that can carry't off; for I'll assure you, I know more than you're aware of, and that you shall find.*

Hilar. *I shall find you a jealous-beaded Fool; for that you have declared your self already: And for my self, my Innocence is a sufficient Guard from all your false and slanderous Accusations.*

Zelotyp. *Sure you'd not have me believe my own Eyes?*

Hilar.

Hilar. *Why can you have the Impudence to say you ever saw me act a thing that's ill? And if you can't, (as that you can't I'm sure) how base and how malicious, is your Insinuation? But pray what ground have you for this strange Phrensie? D'ye feel your Forehead itch, or find your Horns a budding? I do confess there's two red spots on each side of your Forehead, as if there might be two Brow-Antlers coming: For I wou'd fain find something to justify your causeless Jealousie, that the World might not laugh at you for nothing.*

Zelotyp. *You have confirm'd me now that you are naught; for I am sure a modest Woman wou'd not talk as you do; to ask me if my Forehead itches, and whether or no I find my Horns a budding? To wrong me first, and ridicule me afterwards; this is unsufferable. And I shall make you know how I resent it.*

Hilar. *Resent it how you will, all's one to me: I'm sure 'tis more unsufferable for me to be accus'd for doing that of which I'm altogether Innocent.*

*Zelotyp.*

34 *A Jealous Husband, and a*

*Zelotyp.* Yes, yes, you are as innocent as a young Devil that's but two Years Old.

*Hilar.* Were I but half so guilty as you're jealous, each Man i'th' Street might read your Fortune as you walk along.

*Zelotyp.* What might they do?

*Hilar.* Why they might point at you, and say, there goes a Cuckold.

*Zelotyp.* Uds 'Slife, d'ye think I'll suffer this?

*Hilar.* How will you help your self? Lay but aside your Jealous Humour, and you may still be the same honest Man you were before. But if you don't,—

*Zelotyp.* What then?

*Hilar.* Why then you'll be a Jealous Coxcomb still; laugh'd at and hiss'd by all that come to know it.

*Zelotyp.* This is fine indeed! When you have play'd the Whore, and made me a Cuckold, I must hold my Tongue, and put my Horns in my Pocket for fear of being hiss'd at.

*Hilar.* There's nothing that provokes a Woman more, than to be tax'd with what she is'nt not guilty of: And therefore if  
you

inno- you call me Whore once more, I'll make  
t two

Zelotyp. A Cuckold, will ye?

lty as Hilar. Perhaps I may: You know not  
Street what ill usage may provoke me to: And if  
walk I shou'd, I'm sure, in one respect, I shou'd  
but serve you right; but I have more re-  
spect to my own Honour, than ever to sub-  
mit to make my self a Prostitute, out of  
t you, Revenge to you. I'm sure you have no  
k-I'll reason to abuse me thus: 'Tis only from a  
sense of your unkindness, or rather of your  
self? Insufficiency, that you are grown so jea-  
and lous: Which tho' I might sufficiently ex-  
pose, I shall forbear till you provoke me  
farther. Only remember this,

alous Those are most troubled with a Jealous Head,  
y all Who're insufficient for the Marriage Bed:  
[Exit Hilaria.]

hen Zelotyp. She's gone, but has left such  
ade a sting behind her, that leave's a  
ue, greater trouble on my Spirits, than all  
for the words that she has said before:  
She charges me with Insufficiency,  
s a which is a more indelible disgrace,  
bat than to be made a Cuckold. The  
if first reflects on me, the last on her:  
yon But



But she denies the last, and pleads her Innocence : But I'm resolv'd to send on some to tempt her ; and if she still be honest, yet now perhaps out of revenge she'll yield. And now there offers a fair opportunity : Here come *Sequestris*, one that she respects, and therefore's likely to prevail the sooner.

[*Enter Sequestris.*]

How does *Sequestris* do ?

*Sequest.* The better to see *Zelotypus* well.

*Zelotyp.* I am glad to see you ; for you come in season ; I have some Business with you.

*Sequest.* If I can serve you, Sir, in any thing, you know you may command me ; for I am always ready to serve both you and yours.

*Zelotyp.* The Business that I now desire your kind Assistance in, is of so nice a nature, that unless it were your self, I'd not communicate it unto any one, and therefore must desire your Secrecy, however it succeed.

*Sequest.*

Sequest. *That, Sir, you need not question; for 'twou'd be great unfaithfulness in any one that shou'd betray the secrets of his Friend, and which you may assure yourself I shan't be guilty of.*

Zelotyp. *Then thus it is: You know my Wife is Young and Beautiful; and tho' I can't say I am very Old, yet there's a great disparity between our Ages; which with some other private Reasons that I have, begets in me a Violent suspicion, that she has been unfaithful to my Bed. And therefore.—*

Sequest. *How, Sir! Hilaria unfaithful to your Bed! It is impossible, I am sure you wrong her much in thinking so: And therefore let me beg you not to entertain a thought so prejudicial to your own Ease, and to Hilaria's Vertue.*

Zelotyp. *You judge too soon, Sequester: I am satisfied that what I say is true: And had your self but seen and heard what I have done, you'd be of my Opinion.*

Sequest. *What! Did you see it, say you? That's Evidence enough indeed, and is sufficient Demonstration.*

*Zelotyp.*

*Zelotyp.* Mistake me not, my Friend ; but I p  
I say not that I saw it ; but I saw that risk a  
which gives me a sufficient cause of temper  
*Jealousie* : And therefore I wou'd, oug  
have crav'd your Assistance in such a ber  
Tryal as shou'd have either cur'd my provert  
*Jealousie*, or prov'd her guilt beyond y that  
the least denial. er bein

*Sequest.* *What Tryal is it that you'd* ocence.  
*have me make, that might be so much to* you a  
*your satisfaction ?* o cou

*Zelotyp.* 'Tis this : You know my Only pr  
Wife has a particular esteem for you ; ou are  
and I must add, your Person, your *Zelo*  
Mein, and your obliging Carriage, ad a  
cannot but be extreamly acceptable Seq  
to any of the Fair Sex, so that when- venien  
ever you begin the attack, you can- he may  
not fail of conquering : Now then may be  
wou'd you but seem to Court *Hilaria*, tion of  
you wou'd soon see whether her Na- aps t  
ture, or her Vertue either, is so in- what J  
flexible as you'd perswade me.

*Sequest.* *My Friend Zelotypus, I do* or the  
*perceive by your last words, you have no* because  
*certain proof that your Hilaria has been* Zel  
*unfaithful to you. You've only entertain'd* ir, n  
*a Jealousie she is so ; and this for ought* y su  
that

riend; but I perceive, occasion'd by her being of a  
v that risk and airy, and perhaps too Jocose a  
use of temper : But this, if you consider'd right-  
vould, ought rather to be made an argument  
uch a n her side, than against her : For as the  
d my proverb says, it is the still Sow general-  
yond y that eats up all the Draught : Now  
er being so free and open, shews her In-  
you'd nocence. But if this will not satisfie you,  
uch to s you are my Friend, I care not if I seem  
o court her, and try her Inclinations.  
v my Only pray tell me one thing, does she know  
you; ou are jealous of her ?

your Zelotyp. Sir, she does, and we have  
riage, ad a falling out about it.

table Sequest. Then one of these two Incon-  
when- veniencies perhaps may follow : First, that  
can- be may suspect I am set on by you ; and so  
then may be more shy, and entertain an ill Opi-  
laria, ion of me upon that account : Or else per-  
Na- aps the very Trial, may put her upon  
so in- what she never thought on.

I do or there is many a Woman has turn'd Whore,  
ve no because her Husband thought her one before.

been Zelotyp. There may be something,  
tain'd ir, in what you say ; but I dare say,  
ought y such a Tryal, you may soon find  
that her

her Inclinations out ; which thing alone will give me satisfaction.

*Sequest.* Then, Sir, I'll go, since you will have it so, and see if I can get the Fair Hilaria's Consent to make you what you think your self already. [*Exit Sequest.*]

*Zelotyp.* Ha ! To make me what I think my self already ? Now on my Conscience I believe this Villain (for such a one I now begin to think him) designs to Cuckold me, and by my own consent too, that the Devil on't ! Nay, for ought I know, he has don't already : How did he start, when I first mention'd it, and thought it was impossible. This cou'd arise from nothing but a sense of his own guilt. 'Tis so ; I am a Cuckold, and *Sequestris* makes me one : He told me but just now 'twas the still Sow that eat up all the Draught ; and such a one is he ; so very modest and extream demure, that one wou'd never think he had a thought of Evil : And now I've given him such a License for't, that he may do it by Authority : O Hell and Furyes ! Well I'll so watch their Waters,

they

they shan't exchange a word with one another, but I'll be at the hearing n't. — I'll go immediately, and lock my self up in the dark Closet in the Dining-Room up Stairs, and there I can, unseen, both hear and see all what they shall say or do. [*Exit Zelotypus.*]

[*Enter Sequestris and Hilaria.*]

*Sequest.* Madam, if I this Morning have presum'd to interrupt your better Meditations, I humbly beg your Pardon.

*Hilaria.* Why sure, *Sequestris*, you have lately been at Court, you're grown so Complimental.

*Sequest.* Altho' I am a stranger to the Court, a sight of you's enough to make me turn a Courtier, I confess.

*Hilaria.* Why you surprize me strangely : You use to treat me with more freedom than you do.

[*Zelotyp. To himself in the Closet.*]

Did he so? Ah plague of your freedom : I guess'd right enough.

*Sequest.* You are mistaken, Madam ; for I intend to treat you now with greater Freedom than I ever did : If youll'



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you'll but be so kind to give me leave.

Hilar. I Lov'd your Freedom always and wou'd have you use it still.

[Zelotyp. In the Closet.] Wou'd you so, you insatiable Bitch! I'll take care to put a stop to't.

Sequest. But Madam, you don't apprehend me right; it is another sort of Treatment that I now design, and so I beg your leave to use another sort of Freedom than what I have done formerly: I treated you with that regard before, which I thought proper to a Friend; but now beg the favour of you to be admitted your Lover.

Hilar. How, Sequestris! As my Lover! As such I always have admitted you.

[Zelotyp. In the Closet.] Here's a plain Confession now; what a damned Jade is this? I think I have had reason to be jealous: You might well ask me if my Forehead itch'd, with a Pox to ye.

Sequest. How Madam! Did you admit me always as your Lover? When then my Happiness is greater than I thought for: O why was I kept in

noran

morant so long, and knew not my own Happiness? Then thus, thou source of all my Joys, let me Embrace thee. [Offers to Embrace her.

Hilar. *How now, Sequestris! What means all this Rudeness? I didn't expect this from you, of all Men: For, if I had n't assure your self, I'd ne'er have took that sort freedom with you which I have done. And therefore since you make so ill a use of Freedom, pray find some other Person to abuse, for I'll have nothing more henceforth to do with you.*

[Zelotyp. *In the Closet.*] Howe'er Sequestris now has disoblig'd the Jade, is plain she has had to do with him before: That she confesses still.

Sequest. Pray Madam, ben't so passionate upon a sudden; for what I offer'd Her was the Effect of Love; and you say, damn you always admitted me as a Lover.

[Zelotyp. *In the Closet.*] Right; and what can be more plain?

Hilar. You make a base Construction of my words; and by your favour I ought to have the liberty to explain 'em; for when I spoke so, it was jocularly; altho' indeed it was true; for I admitted you as one that lov'd

lov'd my Husband and my self; for you were his Acquaintance and not mine; and for his sake it was, that I indulg'd the Freedom to you that I did.

[*Zelotyp. In the Closet.*] Here's a better Bitch! She allows a Rogue the freedom of making her Husband a Cuckold, for his sake: But besides, the Jade confesses it was true, tho' she spoke it jocularly.

Sequest. *Well, Madam, I confess I was in an Error; but you must impute the cause to Love.*

Hilar. To Lust you mean: For Love is pure and vertuous, and all that is not such, is falsely call'd so. And 'tis the greatest Impudence in you, to offer that which you call Love to me, who am another's Wife nay more, your Friend's.

Sequest. *But Madam, if my Friend be old and insufficient —*

[*Zelotyp. In the Closet.*] O damn'd Rogue! Does he put that into his Head too? Nay, O damn'd Bitch, shou'd say; for if she hadnt told him, how cou'd he have known it? Old, did he say? O damn'd Dog!

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ben't so Old, but I can do her business still; and his too, I hope, ere long,

*Sequest.* — I know not where the Breach of Friendship is, if thus, I make a voluntary offer of supplying his defects, and making up what he's deficient in.

*Hilar.* *Impudent Man*, be gone out of my sight; did I e'er tell you he was insufficient? When I complain to you of his defects, 'tis time enough to offer your Assistance. — But can this be *Sequestris* that talks thus? One whom I took to be so good a Man, that if the World afforded one, I thought 'twas he. — This made me use that freedom with you, in Innocent discourse; but since that has encourag'd you thus to affront me; and may perhaps have given too much occasion to my Husband to suspect my Vertue, I'll Seal my Lips up in Eternal silence. Farewel, base Man, and all Mankind in thee. [Offers to go, he pulls her back.

*Sequest.* Nay, stay, *Hilaria*, I have something more to tell you yet, which may perhaps prevail with you, and make you yield, even in your own defence.

C

*Hilar.*

*Hilar.* Nothing that you can say, or all the World besides, shall make me stray from the strict paths of Vertue.

*Sequest.* Your Husband is grown jealous of you, and does believe you Cuckold him ; and were it my case as 'tis yours, I'd do't out of Revenge for why shou'd he abuse you, and you be left without a remedy ?

[*Zelotyp.* In the Closet.] *There's a Dog, now ! What damn'd Counsel he gives her ! I'm well hope up, efeth, to set such a Rogue as he, to try my Wives Honesty.*

*Hilar.* As I know he suspects me without cause, so it shall be my Care to give him none. But if he still suspects me notwithstanding, a sense of my own Innocence, is with the help of Patience a sufficient remedy.--- I do confess when he first charg'd me with what I was so free from, it provok'd my Passion, and made me give him some unseemly words ; but what a poor revenge wou'd that be found to ruine my own Soul and Body too, because my Husband has accus'd me falsely ?

*Sequest.*

Sequest. *Well Madam give me leave.*

[Comes up to her.]

*Hilar.* Pray keep your distance, Sir ; [*She thrusts him back.*] You have my free leave to be gone ; but not to make the least step towards me.

[*Zelotyp.* In the Closet.] *The damn'd Dog wou'd fain be doing with her ; but she fears I'll come in.*

*Sequest.* Pray, Madam, hear me but this once, and I have done ; for what I now shall speak, does much concern you :

*Hilar.* *Provided you don't offer to come nearer me, speak what you have to say.*

*Sequest.* Dear Madam, I rejoyce to hear this from you ; for I have now beyond exception satisfy'd my self, that you are still the same good Vertuous Woman, that I always thought you. For on my bended Knee, [*Kneels down.*] I here declare, and call all the Celestial Powers to Witness, that what I said and offer'd to you, I ne'er design'd ; it was your Husbands Jealousie.—

(*Zelotyp.* *There's a Rogue, there's a Rogue, there's a Rogue ! The Dog'll discover all.*)



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—That put me upon what I've done, and made me promise him to try you thus : And I have faithfully perform'd my word, and said and done all I thought that was proper to o'ercome you ; —

(*Zelotyp. In the Closet.*) *Nay, I'll say that for the Dog, he has urg'd the business very home ; and I believe had a plaguy mind to be doing with her : I'm sure he made me damn'd afraid once, I shou'd have seen 'em at it.*

But I have found you've nobly stood the Test, and I shall now be able to acquit you to your Husband, and rid him of his causeless Jealousie. And therefore let me humbly beg your Pardon, that I appear'd to Day another Man than what you e'er again shall find me.

*Hilar. If it be so, Sir, as I hope it is, I am as glad for your sake, as my own, that you are still the same good Vertuous Man I always thought you.*

*Sequest. Madam, I hope you'll never find me otherwise.*

(*Zelotyp. In the Closet.*) *A Pox take 'em both, I fear they'll agree too well together again.)*

*Sequest.*

*Sequest.* Well, Madam, now I'll take my leave of you ; and wait upon my Friend *Zelotypus*, whom I am now so well prepar'd to meet, I doubt not but to cure him of his Jealousie.

(*Zelotyp.* In the Closet.) *You shall be damn'd first, you Dog you : For I am sure you've rather increas'd it.*)

*Hilar.* I wish you may ; it will be a great means to make our Lives more comfortable : For I am of a different Opinion from those that say Jealousie is the Child of Love ; and do much rather think it the Root of all Contention.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Zelotypus and Sequestris.*

*Zelotyp.* And are you sure that she is honest then ?

*Sequest.* Not Snow new fallen is more chaste or spotless : Had she been otherwise, I'm sure I shou'd have found it out : For, Sir, I try'd her thorowly.

*Zelotyp.* Did you so ? 'Pox on ye for your pains : I was afraid you won'd be thereabouts :

C 3

*Sequest.*

*Sequest.* What do you mean, Sir? You are not jealous sure of me, that am your Friend: When you know what I did I did at your desire.

*Zelotyp.* Did at my desire! I wou'dn't have had you to do any thing: I wou'd have had you talk'd to her a little, and try'd her Inclinations; but it seems you have been a Doing: And indeed what cou'd I expect less; since 'tis no Breach of Friendship to help a Friend out where he is deficient.

*Sequest.* I know Sir, where-about's you are.

*Zelotyp.* And I know, Sir, where-about's you have been very lately; for which I am not much beholden to you.

*Sequest.* Wherever I have been Sir, it han't been to your prejudice.

*Zelotyp.* No, I believe it Sir, you have left as much behind you as you found. And since you did it for your Friend, much good may do you. But pray Sir, let me see you here no more. [*Exit Zelotypus.*]

*Sequest.* I see where Jealousie has once took Root, it is not easily eradicated.

*For 'tis as easie washing th' Blackmore white,  
As setting such distemper'd Persons right.*

*[Exit Sequestris.]*

*Reader, Thou in this Dialogue may'st see  
The foul deformity of Jealousie:  
The Jealous Man plagues both himself and those  
He has to do with, whether Friends or Foes:  
What he imagines, be it right or wrong,  
Will always be the Burden of his Song.  
Then happy him, whose Cates, tho' coarse they be,  
Are never tainted with foul Jealousie:  
For Jealousie will think you still untrue;  
Tho' to avoid it ne'er so much you do:  
And as on sweetest Flowers we Spiders see,  
So th' Vertuous are most plagu'd with Jealousie:  
For still we find where Jealousie is bred,  
Horns in the Mind, are worse than on the Head.*

C 4

DIA.

*Indiana*

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## DIALOGUE III.

BETWEEN

*Tonsor a Barber, and Sartor a  
Taylor, with other Gentlemen and  
Ladies at Tunbridge-Wells.*

**T**onsor. Well met, Neighbour Sartor : How goes Trading now ?

Sartor. *Why truly very indifferent ; this is Cucumber time, and the long Vacation ; and I think I han't had a Suit of Cloaths to make this Fortnight. But I hope it goes better with you : Mens Beards grow as much in the long Vacation, as they do in Term-time.*

Tonsf. Why truly Neighbour you say true in that ; but yet there's so many has got a knack of Trimming themselves, that there is but little work for the Barbers : And my best Customers are gone out of Town ; and I may e'en go out of Town my self

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self too, for any thing I have to do in it. I am sure my Prentice can serve all my Customers well enough, tho' I am absent.

Sart. *'Mass, Neighbour, and that was a very good thought; what if you and I shou'd take a Journey out of Town together for a Fortnight or three Weeks, I don't know but we may raise our Fortunes by't.*

Tonsf. I cou'd spare time well enough, as I told ye, for a Fortnight or three Weeks: ~~But~~ whither shall we go?

Sart. *To Tunbridge-Wells.*

Tonsf. But how can a Barber or a Taylor hope to raise their Fortunes there?

Sart. *O pox! We wont go as a Barber and a Taylor, but as a Couple of Gentlemen: For you know when our best Rigging is on, there's few Gentlemen at the Wells make a better appearance than we do: And I'll vouch for you, that you have a good Estate; and you shall do the like for me.*

Tonsf. Let me alone for Vouching, if that be all; I'll warrant you I'll do that well enough.



54 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*

*Sart.* Why then what shou'd binder us for passing for Gentlemen : But then we must be sure to Bully, Huff, and Hector, and be as impudent as the Devil, or else they wont take us for what we wou'd be taken, I mean Gentlemen.

*Tons.* For all these Qualities I don't at all doubt but I can out-do ye : For I dare be confident I hear more Oaths sworn in my Shop in a Week's time, than you do on your Shop board in a Year.

*Sart.* Well, that I'll grant ye, and therefore am contented that you shall be the Bully, and shall swagger most, when there's occasion.

*Tons.* Yes, so I will, and when there's no occasion too ; for he that does not use to swear sometimes, whether there is occasion for't or no, will scarce deserve the Name of Bully ; at least from others ; for he that gives it to himself's a Coxcomb.

*Sart.* Well now I think we've settled the Preliminaries ; and in the next place must take care to get our selves Equipp'd against,—let me see—what Day's this ?

*Tons.*

Gentlemen at Tunbridge-Wells. 55

Tonf. 'Tis Thursday.

Sart. *Very well, then let's begin our Journey upon Monday next.*

Tonf. Withal my Heart; but hark ye Brother Sartor, we han't yet settled the Preliminaries; for look ye, if we mean to pass for Quality, we must provide us each a Man to wait upon us.

Sart. *In short, there you're i'th' right on't; and for my own part, I'm provided for't; for I have a young Snipper-snapper, that han't been with me above half a Year; and 'tis but putting Lace to his best Suit, and making on't a Livery; and he's an arch Rogue, and will humour't nicely.*

Tonf. And I am as well provided for't as you, for I have lately taken a dear Joy, that waited on a Gentleman before; and he will give us excellent Diversion.

Sart. *That's very well indeed: But there's another thing to be consider'd too; and that's our Names; for 'twill be Non-sense to go by our own Names.*

Tonf. But what Names shall we take?

Sart.

56 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*

Sart. *Because you are the Oldest, do you choose first.*

Tonsf. Well then, I'll choose my Name and Quality together: I'll be a Knight, and be call'd Sir John Wou'dbe; and methinks it becomes me very prettily.

Sart. *Well you shall have the upper-hand, Sir John, for I'll be but an Esquire, and take the Name of Esquire Shallbe; which may for ought I know, be propheetick of my future real Dignity.*

Tonsf. Why then Esquire Shallbe, I wish you Joy of your new Name and Title.

Sart. *I wish the same to worthy Sir John Wou'dbe.*

Tonsf. So far 'tis very well; but Mr. Sartor.—

Sart. Mr. Sartor, Mr. Farter: Pray call me Sir, by my New Name and Title, or I'll assure ye I won't answer ye: For if we don't now use our selves to our New Names, we shall forget 'em before Company; and such an over-sight wou'd spoil our whole design.

Tonsf. I beg your Pardon, good Esq; Shallbe; it was an over-sight which

Gentlemen at Tunbridge-Wells. 57

which I'll take care not to be guilty  
again: And for more ample sa-  
tisfaction, tho' I have got the greatest  
title, yet I'll proclaim you at the  
Wells to have the best Estate.

Sarr. O good Sir John, I'm your  
Obliged Servant.

Tonf. Faith we have made a pretty  
business on't already; for I begin to  
think I am a Knight in Earnest.

Sarr. I'll tell ye, Neighbour Tonfor.—

Tonf. A Pox o' your Fool's head:  
And why not Sir *John Wou'dbe*? You  
can correct another, and yet can't  
mend your self; but fall into the self  
same Error.

Sarr. Sir John, I humbly beg your  
Pardon, and do acknowledge it a double  
Error: And to prevent it for the future,  
I am content that he that forfeits next, shall  
pay his pint of Wine.

Tonf. Withall my Heart: But pray,  
Esq; Shallbe, what was it that you  
were about to say?

Sarr. O—let me see—'Twas this, that  
there has many more unlikely things been  
brought to pass ere now: If the Stars will  
but favour us.—

Tonf.

58 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*

*Tonf.* Pox o' the Stars ; if the Dice does but favour us, I care for no more : For I resolve for Hazard when I come down to the Wells. Ruffling and Hazard shall be my two general Exercises.

*Sart.* Well, I have thought of one thing more, Sir John ; and that is, that we hadn't best go down together, nor lodge at the same House, at least at first ; and when we see each other at the Wells, then we can complement each other, and make the standers by take notice of us with the more advantage.

*Tonf.* That's very well contriv'd indeed ; and it will look more natural to have an accidental Meeting there. And therefore I'll go down on Monday Morning, and you may come the Wednesday following ; and meet each other at the Wells on Thursday Morning.

*Sart.* Agreed Sir John ; be sure you keep your time, and I'll keep mine.

*Tonf.* Ne'er doubt it ; I'll be punctual to a minute. And if we don't succeed, the Devil's in it.

[Exeunt.

Let's

*Gentlemen at Tunbridge-Wells.* 59

Let's now change the Scene ; and  
having transform'd these two Mecha-  
nicks into Gentlemen, we will now  
wait upon 'em to *Tunbridge-Wells*, and  
see how they behave themselves there.  
And whom we will henceforth call  
by their New Names and Titles of  
*Sir John Wou'dbe*, and *Henry Shallbe*  
*Esq;*

*Enter Sir John Wou'dbe, and Henry  
Shallbe Esq; who meet each other in  
Tunbridge-Walks, with their Men  
attending 'em, and several Gentlemen  
and Ladies walking by 'em.]*

*Shallbe. How ! Sir John Wou'dbe at  
Tunbridge ! Your very humble Servant,  
Sir John !*

*Wou'dbe. What ! The Worthy Esq;  
Shallbe ! I am very glad to see you ;  
and equally surpriz'd to see you here.  
How cou'd you find time, from stu-  
dying the Politicks at London, to Visit  
the Countrey.*

*Shallbe. Why really, Sir John the Po-  
licies of the World are so very intricate,  
and so much refin'd, that I don't under-  
stand*



60 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*  
*stand 'em : They are more Mysterious than*  
*the Revelations.*

Wou'dbe. What Politicks d'ye mean  
Sir ?

Shallbe. *The Politicks that govern the*  
*World, Sir John.*

Wou'dbe. Pray which are those you  
reckon so mysterious ?

Shallbe. *Why Sir, I don't understand*  
*the Policy of Prince Lewis of Baden,*  
*that in order to subdue the Elector of Ba-*  
*varia, suffer'd Count Tallard to reinforce*  
*him with nine thousand Men : And when*  
*by the Elector's marching to Count Tallard,*  
*he had Coop'd him up in a Corner, shou'd*  
*let him out again without striking a stroke,*  
*tho' the Prince was superiour in Number :*  
*These are Policies above my reach, Sir*  
*John, and therefore I have giv'n the study*  
*of 'em over.—But Pray, Sir John, what*  
*was't that brought you hither, who us'd to*  
*be so much devoted to the Pleasures of the*  
*Town ?*

Wou'dbe. Why really, Sir, I must  
own that the Conversation of the  
City is very agreeable to me ; but  
alas, London it self is now gone into  
the Countrey ; the Streets are become

Gentlemen at Tunbridge-Wells. 61

perfect Solitude ; for Business and  
Diverſion have ſent every one abroad.  
The Judges are rid their Circuits, to  
call Offenders to a ſtrict Account :  
Tradeſmen are making Viſits to their  
Country Chapmen, and others Chea-  
ring the Poor Country at the Fairs.  
Courtiers are gone abroad to ſhun  
their Creditors, and younger Bro-  
thers to ſponge on their Relations in  
the Country : So that there's now  
no Plays nor Park ; nor not a Cully  
left to keep up VVenching : And  
pray what ſhou'd a Gentleman do  
now in London ?

Shallbe. You've reaſon on your ſide ;  
Sir John ; but pray what Company does  
Tunbridge now afford ? For this I now  
ſuppoſe to be the Seat of Pleaſure :

Wou'dbe. VVhy here, Squire, you  
may have what Company you pleaſe :  
For here's a Medley of all ſorts and  
ſizes ; from Fops of higheſt Quality,  
unto the moſt diminutive ; from the  
long Flaxen VVig with ſplendid Equi-  
page, to the Spruce Prentice with his  
VVell-ſet Bob. Here's Squires that  
come to Court ſome fine Town-Lady ;  
and

and Town-Sparks come to pick up  
 Russet-Gowns. Here's them that  
 come in borrow'd Plumes from *Lon-*  
*don*, and pass for Gentlemen and La-  
 dies; and when they return back,  
 dwindle again into their pristine State  
 of Taylors and of Orange VVenches:  
 Here's your fat City-Ladies, other-  
 wise call'd Hostesses, who come down  
 hither to shew their tawdry Atlafs's,  
 tho' in defiance of an Act of Parlia-  
 ment. In short, here's *English* Ladies  
 with *French* Scarffs, *French* Aprons,  
*French* Night-Rails, because they  
 wou'd be all alike; for to speak  
 truth, they have got *French* Complexi-  
 ons too; and some perhaps the *French*  
 Disease to boot.

Shallbe. 'Egad, and I believe so too;  
 Sir John. But pray what are the chief  
*Diversions of this place?*

Wou'dbe. That's as you please your-  
 self, Sir; Here's Liberty of Consci-  
 ence; and each Man acts according  
 to his Inclination: As for Example:  
 Beaus are for Raffling, and sometimes  
 for Dancing: Your Citizens delight  
 to play at Ninepins, Bowls, and at

Back-

ckgammon The Rakes take care  
scour the Walks, Bully the Shop-  
pers, and beat the Fiddlers. And  
en of VVit rally each other o'er a  
ass of Claret. But them that are  
weary of their Money, go to the  
aming Ordinary, and lose it there  
Hazard. And in a word, 'Squire  
allbe, it is a Place of Freedom unto  
for Conversation, without distin-  
on of Estate or Quality. Here  
ery Man that can but appear well,  
nverses with the best.

Shallbe. *I thank you heartily for this  
r Pleasant and Diverting Relation.—  
t how long have you been down here,  
French*

Wou'dbe. Only since Monday last ;  
ay when came you ?

Shallbe. *I came but Yesterday, and m  
reably glad to find you here : For I in-  
d to wait on you sometimes. In the  
an while, Sir, I am your humble Ser-  
nt.*

Wou'dbe. Nay, 'Squire I beg your  
ardon ; you must Dine with me to-  
ay.

Shallbe

64 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*

Shallbe. *You must Excuse me now Sir*  
*I will by no means be so troublesome.*

*Wou'dbe.* Pray 'Squire, make  
 Excuses, for I'll take no Denial.

Shallbe. *Well, since you'll have it*  
*Sir John, I must submit.*

*Wou'dbe.* It must be so indeed *Sir*  
 [To the Gentlemen in the Walks.] *Gent*  
 tlemen your humble Servant.

[Gent. in the Walks.] Your Ser  
 vants, Gentlemen. [Exeun

1. *Gent.* D'ye know these *Gentl*  
 men?

2. *Gent.* They seem to be bot  
 Gentlemen of Quality; for one's  
 Knight, and the other's an Esquire.

3. If they stay here, we shall be  
 soon better acquainted with 'em  
 But I think now 'tis time to go to  
 Dinner by consent. [Exeun

[Enter VVou'dbe and Shallbe in the  
 Chamber alone.]

*Wou'dbe.* Well, I think we have  
 manag'd our Discourse upon the  
 VValks extreamly well to Day, but  
 what a Pox made you begin to talk

Gentlemen at Tunbridge-VVells. 65

State Affairs. You put me into  
pain about it; for I was damn'd  
said you'd blunder.

Shallbe. *My talking of Affairs of  
State, made us appear much more like  
Gentlemen, who love to censure and con-  
demn what they don't understand.*

Gen Wou'dbe. That's right again, I know  
by Experience. But didn't I give  
you a good Description both of this  
Place, and the Diversions in it?

Gentl Shallbe. *I, so you did; I wonder how  
it come by't.*

Gen Wou'dbe. Come by it, did you say?  
Why what is't I can't say, when I've  
inquire. mind to't? I was resolv'd to let the  
Gentlemen that heard us, see that we  
were no Fools.

Shalibe. *Well I dare say the whole was  
manag'd so, that all the Gentlemen i'th'  
walks now know our Quality, and have a  
good Opinion of our Wisdom. And there-  
fore now we must consider how to make all  
turn to our advantage. I have heard  
some that have come down, and got  
their Fortunes here.*

Wou'dbe. Why that's the thing I aim  
at. We must frequent the Walks,  
and



66 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*  
and there we shall both hear of  
and see 'em.

Shallbe. *Well but Sir John, have*  
*instructed your Man well, in what 'tis*  
*shou'd say, if any one shou'd question*  
*about you.*

Wou'dbe. Yes, I have took for  
Pains with him, but you had best  
call him in, and question him.

Shallbe. *Well, so I will.*—Pat  
*come bither. What is your Man's*  
*Name?* [Enter Patrick]

Patrick. Arra, Dear Joy, dere is  
Maushter, you may ask him.

Wou'dbe. You Dog you, is that  
*Answer to the Gentleman's Question?*  
*him who 'tis you live with.*

Patrick. An please you, Dear Joy,  
I live wid this Shantelman.

Shallbe. *Well said, Patrick; but what*  
*is that Gentleman's Name?*

Patrick. Arra, Dear Joy, if  
ask what Naume ish upon  
Maushter, it ish Sir John Booby.

Shallbe. *Ha, ha, ha.*

Patrick. By my shoul it ish no  
done of you, to mauke laugh upon  
me, for telling you what Naume  
upon my Maushter.

*Gentlemen at Tunbridge-VVells. 67*

Shallbe. *You mistake the Name, Patrick, it is Sir John VVou'dbe of Cank in the County of Stafford.*

Patrick. *By my showl dat ish too long a Naume to be upon my Maush-ter.*

Shallbe. *It is not all his Name; his Name is Sir John VVou'dbe; the other is his Countrey, where his Estate lies.*

Patrick. *Deel tauke me, dear Joy, Maush-ter that is very brauve.*

Shallbe. *VVell, but Patrick, if any one shou'd ask you now who it is that you live withal, what wou'd you say?*

Patrick. *Arra, dear Joy, I shall maake tell 'em I lieve wid Sir John VVoodbe of Cank in the County of Stafford.*

Shallbe. *That's very well answer'd, but Patrick; only you must be more perfect in your Master's Name, which is neither if yoo be, nor Woobe, but VVou'dbe*

Patrick. *Deel tauke me, dear Joy, but now I shall maake remember upon it; but my Maush-ter have got h nowish Naume such little time, dat it hough upmauk'sh me forget upon it; but by Naume y shoul I can maake very good re-  
Shall member*

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member upon his oder Naume ; I can  
mauke very good remember upon  
Mr. Tonfor.

Wou'dbe. *This Dog will spoil all*  
*Sirrab, if I hear you name Tonfor*  
*again, I'll cut off one of your Ears.*  
*have no other Name but Sir John*  
Wou'dbe ; and *my Estate lies at Cank*  
*in the County of Stafford ; and if any*  
*body asks you what my Estate is, you must*  
*say about 20000l. a Year.*

Patrick. Deel tauke me dear Joy  
but I shall mauke remember upon all  
dish very well

Wou'dbe. Pray see that you do then  
Now bid Squire Shallbe's Man come in  
*What's his Name.*

Shallbe. My Mans Name is Jonathan  
*than ; he understands his Lesson well*  
*enough, I'll warrant him ; however*  
*do you ask him* [Enter Jonathan]

Wou'dbe. *What's your Master's*  
Name, Jonathan ?

Jonathan. If it please your Worship  
my Master is Henry Shallbe Esquire of  
*Littleland in the County of York*

Shallbe. Littleland, you Rogue ! It is  
of Muchland.

Jonathan

Gentlemen at Tunbridge-Wells. 69

*Jonath.* I was mistaken in that Sir,  
but I shou'd have soon recollected my  
self, because I remember your Estate  
is about 4000 l. a Year, and therefore  
it must needs be *Mucbland*.

*Wou'dbe.* That's very well observ'd  
*Jonathan.* Well, well, now we'll walk  
abroad apart, and see what adventures  
we can find.

*Shallbe.* Agreed, and you shall Dine  
with me to Morrow, and then we'll  
confer Notes together again. [*Exeunt.*]

*Thus our New Gentry, big with Expectation,  
To make their Fortunes take their Recreation.*

It will be here convenient to ac-  
quaint the Reader, that there were  
some of the Fair Sex came down to  
*Tunbridge-Walks*, on the same Errand  
with Sir *John Wou'dbe*, and Squire  
*Shallbe*: And having heard of these  
two strangers, were very earnest to  
inform themselves of their Circum-  
stances, and understanding they were  
Persons of great Estates, gave out  
themselves to be Persons of Condi-  
tion also. And wou'd be Sisters and  
Coheirs, whose Fortunes were three

D

thou-

70 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*  
thousand Pounds a piece : And being  
rigg'd like Persons of that Fortune  
fell in the way of our New Knight  
and Squire. And how they manage  
matters, the remainder of our Dia  
logue will now relate. Only 'tis fit  
to let the Reader know one of  
these is call'd *Letitia*, and the other  
*Arabella*.

[*Enter Sir John Wou'dbe, and Esq*  
*Shallbe, on the Walks.*]

*Shallbe.* Sir *John*, your humble Ser  
vant ; you are taking of the Air, af  
ter drinking the Water, I see.

*Wou'dbe.* I do assure you 'Squire,  
like the Air much better than the Water :—  
But to the purpose ; have you any News ?

*Shallbe.* Yes, I have Charming  
News, Sir *John*, I do assure you : Such  
News as will surprize you.

*Wou'dbe.* Nay, Prethee 'Squire, don't  
banter.

*Shallbe.* I don't, upon my Honour.

*Wou'dbe.* Prethee what is't ?

*Shallbe.* Why I was at the Raffleing  
Booth last Night, and brought off  
forty Guinea's.— *Wou'dbe*

Wou'dbe *Why that's good News indeed ; but sure I must have half ; for we are Partners now in all we do*

*Shallbe.* 'Gad not a Soufe on't : There's no such Article in our Agreement.—But this is the least part of the good News I have to tell thee, Boy : I have discover'd a Couple of the bravest Girls that all the County does afford, I'm sure.

Wou'dbe. *A Couple ! Prethee what d'st mean by that ?*

*Shallbe.* I mean two Sisters, that are both Co-heirs, with Portions of three thousand Pound a piece !

Wou'dbe. *The Devil you have !*

*Shallbe.* No, no, Sir *John* ; so far, from that, that they are two meer Angels ; as pure as e'er was made of Flesh and Blood.

Wou'dbe. *Oons ! Let me see 'em*  
*'Squire : You'll make me mad else.*

*Shallbe.* No, soft and fair, Sir *John* ; tho' you've the biggest Title, yet you know I've the best Estate.

Wou'dbe. *Sh—te of the Title and Estate together : But prethee, 'Squire, be*  
*D 2* *serious,*



*serious, and tell me truly, is there any thing in what you say, or not?*

*Shallbe.* Upon my Life there is; and thus it is: Last Night as I was at the Ruffling-Booth, comes in two Charming Ladies, with Pages to attend 'em. One of the greatest Gallants on the VValks, comes up to one of 'em, which seem'd to be the Eld-est, and Salutes her thus, *Madam Leticia*, your most humble Servant. Then turning to the other, (the sweetest of the two in my Opinion) Dear *Madam Arabella*, how do you do said he. To which they both return'd a modest Bow, then turn'd about, and look'd to see me Raffle: And my good Stars were so propitious to me, or else perhaps 'twas the more happy Influence of those Ladies, that I just then won a most curious Snush-Box, and a gilt Silver Spoon; the Snush-Box, (which was all of massy Gold) I gave to my Elected Lady *Arabella*, and then presented the Spoon unto her Sister. VVhen they were gone, I ask'd some of the Company who those Ladies were; I was inform'd

inform'd they were two Sisters and Co-heirs, the Daughters of a Deceased Merchant, and that their Fortunes were three thousand Pound a piece. VVell, I wish'd I had been a little better acquainted with 'em, and hop'd the Presents I had made 'em, wou'd give me a farther opportunity of being so : But see the Fortune of it. VVhen I went home to Supper, who shou'd I see at Table, but those two Charming Ladies, who (as my Stars have order'd it) lodge in the self same House that I do. To say the truth of it, I was a little surpriz'd at it ; and knew not what to say. But Madam *Arabella*, to whom I gave the Snush Box, soon put me in a way, by saying, 'Tis to this Gentleman, I think, that we're beholden for the fine Presents that were made us at the Raffleing-Booth, and thereupon made me a most obliging Bow : I told 'em they did me more Honour by accepting those Trifles, than they were worth : After which, several obliging Expressions past between us at Supper ; which has introduc'd an

74 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*

Acquaintance between us. And I afterwards understood from some of the Servants in our House that they are both the Daughters of Alderman *Wealthy* deceas'd; and that their Portions are in their own Hands; and that they are at their own disposal. And this, Sir *John*, is all matter of Fact.

VVou'dbe. *Why this is Charming News indeed, 'Squire Shallbe: Three thousand Pound a piece! Why this is better than waiting upon ev'ry Blockhead, and washing of his Face for him: E'en let 'em shave themselves henceforward, and be damn'd to 'em: For Sir John VVou'dbe now knows better things! How I cou'd hug thee, now, my dear Leticia! For she 'tis, I perceive, must be my Charming Spouse. But preth.e 'Squire, when shall we see these Miracles of Nature.*

*Shallbe.* If they are well, they'll be upon the VValks this Morning. Let's take a turn or two, and we shall see 'em. And see, propitious Fortune waits upon us still; for yonder they are coming.

*Wou'dbe.*

Gen  
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*Gentlemen at Tunbridge-VVells. 75*

Wou'dbe. *I'll Swear they're Charm-  
ing Creatures !*

[*Enter Letitia and Arabella.*]

Shallbe. Ladies, a happy Morning  
to you both : I see you're come with  
your blest presence to perfume the  
Air, and make *Aurora* blush, to see  
her self out-done by your transcen-  
dent Beauties.—Sir *John*, these are  
the Ladies I was speaking to you  
of.

Wou'dbe. Ladies, my Friend, 'Squire  
Shallbe here, was giving me such an  
Account of you, as made me long to see  
you.

Letitia. I am afraid he's rais'd your  
Expectation too high for us to an-  
swer ; and so your disappointment is  
the greater.

Wou'dbe. Madam, so far from that,  
that he comes short of giving you your  
due.

Shallbe. And well I may ; for  
Praise can come no nearer to your  
Worth, than can a Painter with his  
Mimick Sun express *Hyperion's* Beauty.

D 4

Arabel.

76 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*

Arabel. Come Sir, don't make us blush by giving us those Commendations that are as much above our Merit, as beyond our Understandings.

Wou'dbe. No Madam, 'tis we have cause to blush, as being conscious to our selves that you must needs be Losers by all that we can say; the highest of our Praises being far short of what your Beauties merit.

Letitia to Shallbe. Well, waving this Discourse (for Complements 'mongst Friends are needless things) this I suppose, Sir, is the Gentleman that you were pleas'd to speak of the last Night

Shallbe. Yes, Madam, 'tis the same.

Wou'dbe. Yes, Madam; and one that will be proud to wear the Title of your humble Servant.

Letitia. Your Servant, Sir—But you have undertaken a hard Task I do assure you.

Wou'dbe. In what respect, dear Lady, I beseech you?

Letitia. In making Contradictions meet in the self-same Subject.

Wou'dbe. Madam, I must acknowledge my own Ignorance, for I confess I understand you not.

Letitia.

*Gentlemen at Tunbridge-Wells. 77*

*Letitia.* I beg your Pardon, that I make so free with you: But what I mean is this, you have been pleas'd to tell me you shou'd be proud to wear the Title of my humble Servant: Now how you'll reconcile Pride with Humility, is what I'm at a Loss to understand.

*Wou'dbe.* *Why truly Madam, the same Oedipus that rais'd the doubt, alone can reconcile it. For you're a Person of those vast Perfections, that you can in a moment solve the greatest Contrarieties in Nature.*

*Letitia.* I see you can say nothing but you will make it out one way or other.—But see, 'Squire Shallbe and my Sister are got together a great way before us.

*VVou'dbe.* *Yes, Madam he has a mighty Passion for that Lady; and now is making use of that blest Opportunity that Providence has put into his Hand.*

*Letitia.* My Sister seems to have some kindness for him; and therefore, pray Sir, let me beg one favour of you to see.

D c      *VVou'dbe.*



78 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*

VVou'dbe. *Madam, command me what you please.*

*Letitia.* Then pray Sir, be so kind to let me know the Circumstances of that Gentleman ; for I'd be loth she shou'd do otherwise than well ; for she has a good Fortune all in her own Hands.

VVou'dbe. *Wby Madam, I am very well acquainted with 'Squire Shallbe ; and know him to be a Gentleman of a very good Estate. His residence indeed is most in London, but his Estate lies in Muchland in the County of York ; and a very Noble Estate it is, for tho' he be but an Esq; he has four thousand Pound a Year ; which is a thousand more than I have, I'll assure you.*

*Letitia.* VVell, Sir, three thousand is a very good Estate ;

VVou'dbe. *All at your Service, Madam, wou'd you but think it worth your Acceptance.*

*Letitia.* You Gentlemen are very apt to Complement, but now if I shou'd take you at your word, you'd soon repent your offer.

VVou'dbe.

*Gentlemen at Tunbridge Wells. 79*

*VVou'dbe. Pray try me Madam, and you shall find the contrary.*

*Letitia. I give you many thanks, Sir: But Sir, a Gentleman of your Estate, will look for a good Fortune with a VVife; whereas our Portions are but 3000 l. a piece.*

*VVou'dbe. Madam, I want no Portion, nor desire none: A Person that's well-bred, ingenious and good humour'd, as I believe you are, is what I chiefly aim at.*

*Letitia. Sir John, I must acknowledge I'm oblig'd to you for your good Opinion of me.*

*VVou'dbe. Well is it done then?*

*Letitia. VVhat done, d'ye mean, Sir John?*

*VVou'dbe. 'Gad I mean will you take me for your Husband.*

*Letitia. You'd think me a strange kind of VVoman, shou'd I agree so soon, how well soe'er I lik'd ye.*

*VVou'dbe. No, Madam, I shou'd like you much the better for it.*

*Letitia. But wou'd you not upbraid me with my forwardness?*

*VVou'dbe.*

80 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*

VVou'dbe. No, on my Honour wou'd I not. But I shou'd think it such an Obligation, as I cou'd ne'er sufficiently repay.

Letitia. VVell, ask my Sister what she says to 'Squire Shallbe, and if they be agreed, I don't believe that I shall stay long after 'em.

VVou'dbe. Nay Madam, as you are the Elder Sister, so you ought to lead the way, and to be Married first; or else you must be at the trouble of Dancing barefoot at your Sister's Wedding.

Letitia. There is no danger I believe of that; for I don't think that her Spark is so forward as you seem to be. But since we've overtaken 'em again, pray learn how matters go.

VVou'dbe. Well, Madam, has 'Squire Shallbe got you in the mind yet.

Arabel. In the mind, Sir! VVhat d'ye mean?

VVou'dbe. I mean in the mind to be Marry'd.

Arabel. To be Marry'd, Sir! VVhy 'tis n't come to that yet, surely.

VVou'dbe. Faith but it is; your Sister and I am agreed upon the Point?

*Shallbe.*

Gentlemen at Tunbridge-VVells. 81

Shallbe. Say you so, Sir John !  
VVhy then, Egad Madam, let's make  
an end on't too, and so conclude the  
matter alltogether.

Arabel. *My Sister is the Eldest, and  
ought to go before me.*

Wou'dbe. I think you are so far in  
the right on't Madam — [*To Letitia.*]  
Come, Madam, you see the thing  
lies wholly at our Door : Let's hence  
to Church, and there make all things  
sure.

Letitia. *You are too hasty, Sir ; for  
tho' I like your Humour well enough ; yet  
so much haste wou'd too too much expose  
us.*

Wou'dbe. Expose us, Madam ! VVhat  
need we care what People say, whilst  
we do nothing but what's honest, and  
what's honourable.

Shallbe. *Spoke like an Oracle, Sir  
John ! I say, there's nothing like the pre-  
sent time : We may be Marry'd, and Dine  
all together, at our Lodgings, and none be  
e'er the Wiser.*

Wou'dbe. Agreed, agreed ; it must  
and shall be so. — VVhat say you La-  
dies ?

Letitia.

82 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*

Letitia. *Why since you have resolv'd it, I won't be she shall baulk you of your Humour.*

Arabel. Well, since my Elder Sister leads the

(way

It shan't be said that I behind will stay.

Shallbe. *The Proverb's on our side: 'Tis happy*

(Wooing;

*For we're all sure it han't been long a doing.*

[Exeunt.

All Parties being thus agreed, the two Marriages were consummated; and then they went to Dinner; and after an Entertainment to the Gentlemen and Ladies in the Walks, which wasted a great part of 'Squire Shallbe's forty Guinea's that he won at the Raffleing Booth, each Couple were Conducted in great State to Bed; and the next Morning the Musick came to wish much Joy to the new Married Couples, which brought a Crowd of People to the Place; the Novelty of such a double Wedding making a great Noise: At last the two New-Married Couple went down to Air themselves upon the Walks,

Gentlemen at Tunbridge-Wells. 83

Walks, where they were joy'd by all the Gentlemen and Ladies: But one Gentleman, an Eminent and Substantial Citizen, having a mind to see these New-Married Persons, unfortunately happen'd to know the two Brides; which it seems were Mrs. Susan a Semstress in the New-Exchange; and Mrs. Jenny a Semstress in Exeter-Change; both noted for being very handsome, but very wanton; the first of them having a Bastard at Nurse, and Mrs. Jenny being kept by a Gentleman that was but lately dead.—The Gentleman having survey'd the two Ladies very well, and not only knowing, but being known to both of 'em, comes up to Letitia, and Salutes her thus.

Gent. Mrs. Susan Tricker, your humble Servant.

Letitia. Sir, your mistaken, I am no such Person.

Gent. No such Person! Why you wont perswade me to that? Perhaps your Name may be alter'd, but I am sure you're the same Person; that is to say, Madam, you're Mrs. Susan Tricker that kept a Sem-



84 *A Barber and a Taylor turn'd*

*Semstresses Shop in the New-Exchange in the Strand; by the same Token that you have now a little one at Nurse at Highgate;—*

*Letitia.* 'Tis false Sir, and you're an unworthy Man to charge me with it; for I never had any Child at Nurse at Highgate.

*Gent.* I beg your Pardon, Madam, I was indeed mistaken; it 'ent at Highgate, but at Hampstead, that your little Son lives; as Mrs. Jenny Pricklove here, one of your one Trade, can tell you.

*Arabel.* Who I, Sir? I wonder that you'll say so, Mr. *Speakright*; for you know I han't kept the Change this Twelve-Month [*At this, all the Spectators set up a great Laughter, and our New-Married Knight and Squire both look'd as if they cou'dn't help it.*]

*Gent.* To their Husbands.] Come Gentlemen, I wou'dn't have ye discourag'd with your Bargain; you've both got pretty Wives; and you Sir [*to Sir John Wou'dbe*] something more; for you have a young Son already, of which I wish you Joy.

*Wou'dbe*

Gentlemen at Tunbridge-Well. 85

Wou'dbe. I thank you Sir;—but I  
ben't the only Person that has been mi-  
staken :

2. Gent. No, faith, Sir ben't you :  
For I believe your VVife's as much  
mistaken as you ; for she thinks she  
has Married Sir *John Wou'dbe* ; when  
she has Married only *John Tonfor* the  
Barber, that lives behind St. Clements.

VVou'dbe. A Pox of all ill luck !  
Now all's discover'd : [Aside.

1. Gent. How ! *Tonfor* behind St.  
Clements ! Let me look upon him.—  
O Mr. *Tonfor* ! You know that you  
have trim'd me many time.

Tonf. And hope I shall again Sir, for  
I have now no hope of turning Gentleman.

1. Gent. But Pretty Mrs. *Pricklove* !  
Prethee tell me what Husband is't  
that you have got.

2. Gent. That Sir, must be my Pro-  
vince to discover ; this Gentleman goes here  
for Henry Shallbe Esquire ; (tho' I am of  
Opinion 'twill be a good while first) but  
when he is in Drury Lane, 'tis Harry  
Sartor the Taylor, a very honest Fellow  
indeed.

Al.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*1. Gent.* *Faith I can't chuse but laugh, to see how finely they've deceiv'd each other. Here's Sir John VVou'dbe and Madam Letitia Wealthy, Metamorphos'd into John Tonfor the Barber, and Susan Tricker the Semster. And the like Fate has befallen the other two: For here's Squire Shallbe and Madam Arabella Wealthy, turn'd into Harry Sartor, a Pricklouse-Taylor, and poor Jenny Pricklove, a quondam Semstrefs, and a cast off Miss.*

*Sartor.* A Pox of all Proverbs, I say; for I'll ne'er believe hasty Wooing will be happy again.

*Tonf.* I'm sure there's one true Proverb that I shall remember as long as I live.

*Letitia.* What's that, my Dear, I prethee!

*Tonf.* That is, Marry in haste and repent at leisure.

*Sartor.* You shou'd ha' thought of that sooner.

*Letitia.* Why you have no such reason to complain, Gentlemen, especially my Spouse; for I have brought him more than I promis'd him.

*Arabel.*

Gentlemen at Tunbridge-Wells. 87

Arabel. And as for my Spouse,  
o' I've brought him nothing, I may  
t him something; especially if he  
es n't shew himself brisker than I  
und him last Night.

Ans. Come 'tis in vain, I see to Swear and Curse,  
we both took for better and for worse.  
d since each other we'd the luck to take,  
t's e'en the best of a bad Market make.

us 'tis when Men out of their Callings go,  
d would be that of which they nothing know :  
d but the Taylor and the Barber staid  
home, and follow'd each one their own Trade ;  
ho' they found but little there to do,  
y'd had more Pleasure, and more Profit too.  
t they must both turn Gentlemen, and be  
sons of Great Estate and Quality :  
o' their new Honours became both I'll vow,  
t as a Saddle does become a Sow :  
whilst they thus were aiming to be high'r,  
ey tumbl'd down, and fell into the mire.  
ey both design'd to hedge a Fortune in,  
t those that meant to cheat, have cheated been.  
ch was serv'd right : For each design'd to do  
hat by the other they were done unto.  
en let each one keep constant in his Station,  
d act with Prudence and Consideration.

DIA.

# DIALOGUE IV.

BETWEEN

Tom Whistle *the Boatswain's Mate*  
and Dainty, *his Coy Mistress.*

[*Enter Boatswain's Mate alone.*]

**B**oatswain. Well, I am strange  
chang'd: I always lov'd to  
at Sea, and roam about from Port  
Port, and from Land to Land; and  
cou'd never abide to be Port bound.  
But now all on a sudden, methinks  
my mind stands towards Matrimony,  
and yet, Mefls, I have heard that  
Man that is marry'd, tho' he has  
good Wife, yet he has, as it were,  
his Feet in the Bilboes, and methinks  
mayn't get'n 'em out again when  
has'n a mind to't. But if it be  
Mans fortune to be run-a-ground  
upon a Wife, tho' he shou'd get u

the Main Top Mast, he must  
me down to her.— Our Boatson  
ming'd a Wench to me a good  
V. ile, and now Mefs, I'll make up  
her, and see how she stands af-  
ted. And look, she's tacking to-  
rds me already.

*[Enter Mrs Dainty.]*

Dainty Did you desire to speak with  
me.] pray ?

Boatsf. M. Yes forsooth, I did, if you  
the Gentlewoman that is acquaint-  
d to with Boatswain Stout.

Port Dainty. Yes, I am very well acquaint-  
d ; and with Mr. Stout, and I believe he is a  
bound honest Gentleman.

nothing Boatf. M. An you please forsooth :  
rimony *[hes her.]* Yes, I believe Mr. Stout's  
d that very honest Gentleman ; and he  
he has me you were a very honest  
it were a Woman, and wou'd make a  
d me a Wife.

when Dainty. I am beholden to him for his  
it be Opinion : Have you been long at  
a-ground Sir ?  
d get up

*Boatsf.*



*Boatsf. M.* Ey, ey ; I've been lo for  
enough, if that be all. D

*Dainty.* And were you never Marr indit  
yet ? mak

*Boatsf. M.* No, Forsooth, I had nev B  
such good Luck yet. Mar

*Dainty.* Then you can't tell whe mor  
it be good Luck or no, Sir. Slav

*Boatsf. M.* Mefs an you say'n true, for  
I have heard 'tis a Lottery, wh Life  
there's twenty Blanks to one. Prize a Le

*Dainty.* But if it be so, there's D  
much odds on one side as the other : Mar  
good Husbands are as scarce as a Court  
Wives. Bo

*Boatsf. M.* Why look you, Mistress ry, b  
can promise but for one ; an if y Gent  
dare trust me, you sha'n find me migh  
good as ever tack'd Ship about. Wou

*Dainty.* I commend you for that, you'r  
you can speak a good Word for your se an yo

*Boatsf. M.* Marry and why not ? Da  
I can best tell whether I speak true of tha  
not. Boa

*Dainty.* But how if your own W tell y  
won't be taken ? Sea in

*Boatsf. M.* Why then they mun let y suc  
alone, an the Wind blow that wa' you

en lo for I shan't stand to get Vouchers.

Dainty. I perceive, Sir, you are very  
Marr indifferent about Marrying. Pray what  
makes you so?

d ne Boatf. M. Why look you Mistress, a  
Man that is marry'd, d'ye see, is no  
wbe more like another Man, than a Gally-  
Slave is like one of us free Sailors;  
true, for he is chain'd to an Oar all his  
wh Life; and 'gad may-hap forc'd to tug  
Prize a Leaky Vessel into the Bargain.

there's Dainty. Why then you had better not  
ber: Marry at all; for if a Woman shou'd  
as g Court you, perhaps you wou'dn't like her?

Boatf. M. Say'n you so forsooth? Mar-  
Mistress, but I shou'd like such a handsome  
n if y Gentlewoman as you for a Bedfellow  
nd me mightily: How say'n you Mistress?  
ut. Wou'd you like going to Sea? Mefs,  
that, you're a tight Vessel, and well rigg'd,  
your se an you were but as well Mann'd,

not? Dainty. If I go to Sea, I'll take care  
ak true of that.

Boatf. M. But look you, Mistress, I'll  
own. Tell you one thing, an you come to  
Sea in a high Wind, you mayn't car-  
nun let y such a Top and Top-gallant Sail  
that w' your Head.

Dainty.

Dainty. *Why not ? Where's the hurt on't ?*

Boatsf. M. Why an you do, you may run the hazard of being over-set, and then you'll carry your Keel above Water.

Dainty. *Well, Mate, I see you're a very Wag.*

Boatsf. M. I hope, Mistress, you are not angry; I mean all in good part: For if I give a Jest, I'll take a Jest, and so forsooth you may be as free with me.

Dainty. *As to that, 'tis very well, Mate, but I shall have no great occasion for freedom with you.*

Boatsf. M. Perhaps, Mistress, you mayn't take a liking to me.

Dainty. *Yes, yes, I like ye well enough for a Seaman.*

Boatsf. M. Why then Mistress, if you please, we'll sit close together; for if you stand a Stern athat'n, we shall ne'er come to grapple: Come, Mistress I'll hawl a Chair for you, and sit by you.

Dainty. *Hold, Sir, I don't care to sit so near ye: I can bear what you say farber off; for I ben't Deaf.*

Boatsf.

*Boats. M.* Nay, as you please for that, for I'm no more dumb than you are deaf : I can be heard as far as another ; and therefore I'll heave farther off to please you : For an we were a League asunder, I durst lay a Wager I'd hold discourse wi'you, an 'twere not a main high Wind indeed, and full in my Teeth. But now to the purpose ; Look ye, Forsooth, I'm bound, as it were, to the Land of Matrimony ; which is a Voyage that I ne'er made before ; and if you think well of it, may-hap I may steer into your Harbour : For the short of it is, that if you like me as well as I like you, we may chance to swing in a Hamock together.

*Dainty.* You are too hasty, Sir ; there's two Words to a Bargain.

*Boats. M.* Why, you may make as many Words as you wun, but I think few Words are best among Friends.

*Dainty.* I think so too, for I don't know any occasion there is for this foolish Talk, not I ; for to be plain with you, I don't care to talk any more to you.

*Boatsf. M.* Why, I hope I han't anger'd you, Mistrefs, have I?

*Dainty.* You have neither anger'd me, nor pleas'd me.

*Boatsf. M.* I'm sorry I han't pleas'd you: But I'll see what I can do: By your leave, Forsooth. [*Kisses her.*]

*Dainty.* Stand farther off: I don't care for your Kisses not I

*Boatsf. M.* Pray, Why are you so scornful, Mistrefs?

*Dainty.* If I speak what I think, perhaps you'll be angry, and I don't care to tell a Lye for the matter.

*Boatsf. M.* Nay, by the Mess, 'tis best of all to speak true; I mean, to speak as you think; for to speak one thing, and to think the quite contrary, is like looking one way, and rowing another. For, look ye, Mistrefs, whatsome-ever you think of me, I'm for carrying things above-board, and not for keeping any thing under Hatches. And therefore if you ben't as willing as I, there's no harm done: For there's more Maids besides, Maukin; and if one won't another will, or wherefore serves the Markets. But me-hap you

may me:

an- y be shame-fac'd : Some Maidens,  
me, if they love a Man well enough,  
they don't care to tell'n so to's  
ce : If that's the Case, say so, and  
By en I'll take your Silence for Con-  
s her. t.

don't Dainty. You may make what Con-  
uction you please of my Words ; or of  
u so Silence ; but I'll tell you plainly, I  
t care to be troubl'd with you ; you  
think, tell too much of Pitch and Tar for me.

t care Boatf. M. Look ye, Mrs. Dainty,  
ee te'nt for nothing that you have  
is best ur Name : However, you might  
speak rn to give good Words : For I  
things, spoke to you fair, and civil too,  
is like ve see. And as for your Love or  
nother ur Liking, I don't value't of a  
e-even pe's-End : And me-hap I like you  
rrying little as you do me, or any such  
r keep-ueamish Flurts as you are. —Smell

And Pitch and Tar d'ye say ? 'Gad  
ng as I'll tell you one thing ; if you shou'd  
s more ve such Language aboard, you'd  
if one ve a Cat-o'-Nine-tails laid cross  
erefore our Shoulders. Pitch and Tar ! I  
hap you ou'd you smelt but half so whole-  
may me : Flesh ! Who are you, I won-



der : Better Women than you lo  
the Smell of Pitch and Tar, and w  
speak civilly and respectfully to  
Gentleman Seaman. And whatever  
you think of your self, 'Gad, I don  
think you are any more to be con  
par'd to them, than a Can of Smar  
Beer to a Bowl of Punch.

Dainty. *Why, how now you great, a  
Sea-Calf! Do you begin to bector, beca  
I touch'd you to the quick: Tho' I all ma  
but a Woman, yet I can get a Man tha  
thrash your Jacket for you, if you gro  
sawcy.*

Boatsf. M. Sea-Calf, d'ye say?  
an't Calf enough to lick your challe  
Face, you Cheese-Curd you: As do  
as for your Man, Mrs. Minik  
that'll thrash my Jacket, let'n, let  
an he can. But an he comes ne  
me, me-hap I may giv'n a Salt B  
for's Supper for all that. — I wo  
der what our Boson meant to mi  
thee to me : Marry thee! Oons, I  
marry a Lapland Witch as soo  
and live upon selling of contra  
Winds, and wreck'd Vessels.

Dain

*Dainty.* You may say what you will  
; but if there was a Man here, you  
not talk at this rate, you drunken  
Swabb, you durst not.

*Boats. M.* Drunken Swabb, d'ye  
? Let any Man call me so if he  
? Drunken Swabb? Come,  
ing your Finikin Spark to take your  
art, and I'll say something to him:  
ad, I'll lace his Doublet for him:  
I'll make him smell more like a Weasel  
ana Civet-Cat e'er I ha' done with'n.

*Enter Mrs. Pitcher the Hostess.*

*Mrs. Pitcher.* Hey-day! what's here  
do? What, Mrs. Dainty crying!  
What ha' ye done to her, Mate?

*Boats. M.* Done to her! I ha' done  
othing to her: Ne'er heed her:  
Let her cry and she will: The more  
he cries, the less she'll p — ss: She  
as been gathering foul Weather in  
her Mouth, and now it rains out at  
her Eyes.

*Dainty.* I was never so abus'd in my  
Life, so I was'nt; and call'd all to naught  
by him.

*Boats. M.* Look ye, Mistress consider who began first: I treated ye civilly till you began to call me Names: And when I found that Mess, I thought it wa'n't for me to stand still as if I had Plumbs in my Mouth, and look like Mum-Chance that was hang'd for saying of nothing: I did give her Broadside for Broadside and shot her between Wind and Water too, that's the Truth on't: But she may e'en thank her sen, that's a *Torn Whistle* cares.

*Pitch.* *Ab but Boatswain, you shou'd consider that Mr. Dainty's a Woman, and you desir'd to speak with her in a way of Love; and you shou'd'nt abuse her; and make her cry thus.*

*Boats. M.* Abuse her! I cou'd'nt abuse her: What shall she call me Sea-Calf, and Drunken Swabb, and yet I must be afraid to talk with her, because she's a Woman? If any Woman or Man either calls me Names, let 'en take what follows.

*Pitch.* *Why, Mrs. Dainty, I did'nt think you wou'd a been so rude, as in that manner to abuse the Boatswain; for he's a very civil Gentleman, I do assure you.*

*Dainty.*

Dainty. If you call him a civil Gentleman give me one that's uncivil.

Boats. M. *Ay, Ay; go take him, for such a one is fittest for you.* [Exit Mrs. Dainty.

Pitcher. Well, she's a foolish Woman, Boatswain, and I think you serv'd her well enough. — Come, we'll go into my Chamber, and there I'll give you a Cogue of Brandy: Dare you venture your self with me?

Boats. M. *Venture! Yes, byt b' Mess, that I will, tho' 'twere to Sea in a Storm. But as for Mrs. Dainty, she run foul upon me, and Mess, I gave her a Broad-side, and made her bear off. For if she ben't minded to be steer'd by me, let her drive; for to go about to perswade her, is, as tho' I should strive against Wind and Tide.*

Pitcher, I think you did very well, Boson; for there's another thing to be considered; and that is, she has no Portion; and to marry a Wife without a Portion, is like sailing in a Ship without Ballast.

Boats. M. — *Why, that's very true, Landlady, indeed; it is just so for all the*

*World* nay, 'tis as like as two Cable-Ropes.

*Pitcher*. Nay, I have consider'd it, *Boson*; for tho' I know you have Money of your own, yet you know one wouldn't venture all in one bottom.

*Boatsf. M.* *Why, that's true again Landlady*; for may-hap one bottom may spring a leak; you have bit it now, indeed; *Mess*, you have nick'd the Channel.

*Pitcher*. To tell you the Truth, *Boson*, I've a particular Kindness for you my self: But to see you forsake me after I have plac'd my Love upon you, wou'd break my Heart.

*Boatsf. M.* Break your Heart! I had rather the Royal Catherine shou'd break her Cable in a Storm, as well as I love her. *Flesh*! You don't think I'm false-hearted like a Land-man. A Sailor will be honest, tho'f may-hap he has never a Penny of Money in his Pocket: May-hap I mayn't have so fair a Face as a Citizen or a Courtier; but for all that I've as good Blood in my Veins, and a Heart as sound as a Bisket.

*Pitcher*. Look ye *Boatswain*, I can have Matches enough, for I've 300 l.

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in Gold by me, and a good House well furnish'd, and out of Debt; and I am but a young Woman, and no Children neither.

Boatsf. M. Well enough, well enough; I'd desire no more: Udsheartlikins; let me come and Kifs thee: I prefer such a Widow before the daintiest Woman in Town.— Well, after such a Storm as I have had to Day, I thought it wou'd clear up again. Come, Widow, we'll be married out of hand.

Pitcher. And will you love me always?

Boatsf. M. Nay, an I love once, I'll stick like Pitch; I'll tell you that.— Widow, I'll tell you the worst of a Sailor: We're merry Fellows, we han't much to care for: And when we're at Sea, we eat Bisket, and drink Flip, put on a clean Shirt once a Quarter, come home and lie with our Landladies once a Year; get rid of a little Money; and then put to Sea again with the next fair Wind. Now, Widow, if you like this, gi'me thy hand, and take me for thine own dear Spouse.

Pitch. Kind Mate, 'tis done; for I approve  
(thy motion,  
And love a Man that Sails upon the Ocean.



*And now kind Reader let me here acquaint ye,  
That 'tis not good to be like Mrs. Dainty :*

*Whose Coyness made her Cunning here to sail her,  
When she refus'd to take an honest Sailor :*

*'Tis fond Opinion makes a Dirty Dowd,  
Fancy her self a Beauty, and grow Proud :*  
*But where Humility does truly dwell*

*It makes a homely Face look very well :*

*And Mrs. Dainty (tho' indifferent featur'd)  
Might have done well, had she but been good  
(natur'd ;*

*For tho' she lov'd not, she might Civil be,  
And not provok'd him to that high degree,  
As made him peevish too, as well as she :  
Ill words corrupt good Manners : Therefore see  
Your Words are good, and Actions Vertuous be.*

*And for the Sailors, this I'll dare to say,  
There's none more worthy, nor more brave than they :  
They like the Bulwarks of the Nation stand ;  
While they command at Sea, we're safe at Land.  
Were I to choose a Husband for my Friend,  
I wou'd to her a Sailor recommend ;  
In Honour's Road, who knows what may befall,  
A Sailor may become an Admiral :  
Nay more I venture will to say thus much,  
'Tis Sailors are the fittest to be such,  
Then she that does a Sailor's Love despise,  
To Honour and Preferment ne'er shall rise.*

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# DIALOGUE V.

BETWEEN

*A Fitter and a Master Collier at  
Newcastle, and a London-  
Cole-Merchant and Cole-Me-  
ter at Billingsgate.*

**T**HERE is nothing that lies heavier upon the Inhabitants of *London*, than the Excessive Price of Coals; Which tho' the Queen out of her Royal Compassion to the Poor, has taken a particular care to prevent, yet the Knavery of the *Colliers* and *Cole-Merchants*, defeats the good Intention of all her Royal Care. Now the design of the following Dialogue is to shew the World by what Steps the Cheat is carried on, in order (if it be possible) to the preventing it.

[Enter

[*Enter a Collier and his Mate, newly come to Newcastle, and a Fitter.*]

*Fitter. Master, you're welcome a-shore : I am very glad to see you : I hope you've had a good Voyage !*

*Collier. Thank ye, kindly Fitter : I thank God I've had a pretty good Passage hither ; but I've lost my Old Ship ; and got a New one, and I think a very good one ; I'm sure she Sails well.*

*Fitter. What Burden is she Master ?*

*Collier. About a Hundred and Fifty Tun. And you may guess by that how many Keel of Coals she'll hold.*

*Fitter. We shall be able to tell you that when we have Laded her ; what Coals would you have ?*

*Collier. Nay, what Coals have you ready ? For I don't care how soon I am Laden.*

*Fitter. Why we have Claver, Stiller, and Lumley Coals, we have Callicut, Lady Duck, and Sir William Warren's Coals.*

*Collier. Let me have Hutton, Benwell, and Marigold Coals, for I don't like the other.*

*Fitter. I commend you, Master ; you'll be sure to choose the best. — But worse*

all serve your turn :

[Aside.

Collier. But what Price do they  
bear ?

Fitter. I find you are for the best, and  
they'll be Ten Shillings the lowest : You  
know the Price well enough, Master.

Collier. Well, pray take care that  
they be brought in as soon as possible,  
that I may be ready to go with the  
Fleet.

Fitter. You shall have 'em with all the  
Dispatch imaginable. [Exit Fitter.

The Master and his Mate alone.

Collier. So that business is done :  
Now must I see out for another Fit-  
ter to bring me two or three Keels,  
unknown to this Fitter.

Mate. What need you do so, Master ?  
If this Fitter uses you well, can't you let  
him Load the whole Ship ?

Collier. No, no ; that won't do my  
Business.

Mate. Pray why so ?

Collier. Why I'll tell you : There's  
a great matter in this, that you don't  
know of : You must know therefore  
that mine being a New Ship, the Fitters  
will now be very exact in setting down  
how

how many Keels they bring in ; and the Number of Keels that fills the Ship, must be Standard for filling hereafter : For after it is fill'd thus they will enter it into their Books *Memorandum*, that the good Ship the *Sail-well*, *John Sharp-all*, Master, holds 35 Keels of Coals ; and so many and no more I am to pay for every time.

*Mate.* Well, but where's the Advantage of employing another Fitter to bring in two or three Keels unknown to the other Fitter ?

*Collier.* The Advantage lies here : My Ship holds 38 Keels perhaps ; but the first Fitter knowing nothing of the three Keels put in by the second, reckons only the 35 Keels that he put in himself : So that every Voyage hereafter I have three Keels of Coals for nothing : Now every Keel being nine Chaldron of *New Castle* measure comes to 27 Chaldron here, and is near 40 at *London* ; which being all clear, comes to a very pretty thing.

*Mate.* Now Master I see you have reason for what you do. But the worst on't is, there'll be nothing got this Voyage.

*Collier.*

Collier. That we can't help, *Mate*; but we'll comfort our selves with this Proverb, *The worse luck now, the better another time.* But pray prepare every thing for the bringing in the Coals.

*Mate.* Leave that to my Care. [Exeunt.]

We will now suppose the Ship Loaded, and with a fair Wind brought into the River of *Thames*; and the Master goes ashore at *Billingsgate*, to see how the Market goes, where he meets with a Cole-Merchant, between whom there passes the following Dialogue.

Cole-Merchant. *So Master, you have made a quick Voyage this time, I am glad you are come safe, tho' you are come but to a falling Market.—But what have you got?*

Collier. Got? I have got as good Coals as ever were burnt: I have *Marigold*, and *Hutton* and *Benwel*: But is the Market so low, say you?

Cole-Merch. O very low; but five and twenty in the Pool; and now the Fleet's coming in, will make 'em fall lower;

Collier. Well, I must sell as the Market goes, let it be how it will.  
But



108 *A Collier, a Cole-Merchant,*

But methinks my Coals shou'd yield a better Price than those that have only *Callicut, Lady Duck, Sir William Warrrens, or Sunderland Coals*; I have no *Lumley Coals*.

*Cole-Merch.* Your Coals may be good Coals; tho' *Lumley Coals* may burn as well as yours for ought I know; and so may *Sunderland Coals* too. But you must consider, here's a great Fleet, and more expected; and besides, *Convoys* are now settled, and your Men freed from *Pressing*; and that was done on purpose to bring down the Price of Coals.

*Collier.* Well, if it be so, I must do as well as I can: I have good Coals, and I don't fear selling 'em.

*Cole-Merch.* Well, I'll make you a good offer; I'll give you 26 s. per Chaldron, and take all off your hand: And then you'll be put to no trouble: For you shall have all your Money down; and run no risque; only keep that to your self, and leave the Management of the Sale to me afterwards.

*Collier.* I'll see how the Market goes first: Meet me here to Morrow, and I'll talk with you farther.

[Exit.  
*Cole-*

*Cole-Merchant alone.*

*Cole-Merch.* Now must I manage this Collier, so as to bring him to my Terms: They'll now yield 30 s. in the Pool; shou'd he understand that, my Business wou'd be spoil'd.—I'll therefore go amongst all Woodmongers, Brewers, Dyers, and such like, and tell 'em they may now have Coals for 23, and 24, and the best at 25 s. in the Pool: This will make 'em flock down thither, in hopes to buy Cheap. And when they come there, and wont give above 24 s. or 25 at most, I know the *Colliers* have so much Wit, as to refuse to sell 'em so, if they can get more; and some being perswaded to sell at this rate; will give a Reputation to the truth of what I have said, and my offer of 26 s. will go down with 'em. And the rest of us making the same offer to others, we shall by that means get the whole Fleet into our own Hands: And we have done this, will sell none under thirty two, or thirty three. And by this means the Price of Coals may be kept up, and Money put into our own Pockets.

The

The *Cole-Merchants*, or rather *Cole-Jobbers* go presently among all the Dealers in Coals, and tell 'em what a fall there is in the Price of Coals, so that they come to the Pool in whole shoals for 'em, but offer so low a Rate, that the *Colliers* are fain to sell 'em so. And by this means having brought down the Price in the Pool, those *Cole-Jobbers* repair to the *Colliers* again. And see here they come.

[*Enter Cole-Merchant and Collier.*]

*Cole-Merch.* Well, Master, I suppose you are satisfy'd now about the Market; you see how it goes.

*Collier.* Goes, quotha! Why they bid nothing at all, but I suppose they wont hold so long.

*Cole-Merch.* You'll find they'll fall still. I have advice that 200 Sail of Laden-*Colliers* are come by Yarmouth for the River, and that'll bring 'em down lower, I'm sure. However, I don't love to fall from my Word; what I offer'd yesterday, I'll give you still.

*Collier.* I don't know what to say to't; you offer like a Chapman; and being you'll take 'em all off, I'll e'en take your Money.

*Cole-*

Cole Merch. *Well here's Earnest : I think you've took the wisest Course. Pray don't let a Chaldren be sold without my Order, at any Price whatever.*

Collier. *Since you pay for 'em, 'tis fit you shou'd have the disposal of 'em.*

Cole-Merchant. *And thus, that I my purchase may obtain,  
I bring the Price down, then rise again.*

*Thus we by this short Dialogue may see  
What dark contrivances i'th' World there be :  
The Fitters first of the best Coals do tell ;  
But in their stead, the worst will often sell :  
The Colliets next (whose Crime indeed's more  
(great.)*

*Will th' Fitters of three Keels together cheat :  
And when the Collier has great Dangers past,  
And with his Cargo safe arriv'd at last ;  
The Cole-Jobbers, (those greatest Cheats of all,  
Who when they list can make Coals rise or fall.)  
Do cheat the Colliers and the People too ;  
And by reporting things that are untrue ;  
Reduce the Coals unto a moderate Price ;  
And when they've so ingross'd 'em, in a trice  
Inhance their Value, a third part, or more ;  
And what they can't sell dear, lay up in store ;  
Unto the great Oppression of the Poor.*

*On whom they are most rigorous Exactors ;  
And in a literal sense the Devil's Factors :  
His Slaves they are, and still attend his call ;  
And with their Riches, get the Devil and all.*

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## DIALOGUE VI.

BETWEEN

*A Kentish Farmer, London-Corn-Factor, Meal-Man and Baker.*

**T**Hese are more Chips of the same Block, and do what they can to oppress the Poor, and raise the Price of the Commodities they deal in. And how they bring't about, the following Dialogue discovers.

[Enter a Kentish Farmer, Corn-Factor, Meal-Man, and Baker, at Queen-bisbe.]

Farmer. Well, I am now come up to Town my self, to know how Markets go, and what Encouragement you give me to send up Corn. There's plenty on the ground indeed, thank Heaven for it ; but if it yields no Price, what does it signify ? O I remember those happy times when Wheat wou'd have fetcht ten, nay, twelve, nay, fifteen

*a Meal-Man, and a Baker. 113*

*fifteen Shillings a Bushel ; and sometimes more :  
But alas! those Days are past, and I'm afraid  
I shall ne'er see 'em more.*

*Corn-Factor.* Those indeed were glorious Times : A Man then might have liv'd plentifully by his Calling, and might have made the Farmer such Returns, that he would have commended him ; and could have well afforded to send him now and then a Turkey, and a China of Bacon, and sometimes a fat Pig, or a couple of Geese : But now half a dozen Pound of Cherries, or a little Basket of Kentish Pippins, is a topping Present.

*Farmer.* It 'ent for want of good Will, Factor, but the Price won't bear it : Alas ! Considering Taxes, and the Charges we're at, a Crown a Bushel is but a sorry Price.

*Factor.* And yet we find it difficult in Town to bring it up to that : Tho' I'll say this for my self, that 'tis none of my Fault : For I'm upon the Watch, and make advantage of all Weathers, and of all Occasions to advance the Price. There scarce can come two Days of Rain together, but I straight take advantage on't, and cry out, That the Floods have spoiled the Corn, and then the Price must rise by consequence. Or if it chance to be but very dry a Week together, I soon take an Occasion to cry out, The Corn's burnt up and wither'd, and the Earth is turn'd into a Rock for want of Rain. Or if a Vessel laden with Corn, has the Misfortune to be taken by the *French*, I take the hint from such a blest Occasion, and multiply it strait to half a score, and make so great an Out-cry, as serves to raise the Price 12 d. a Bushel the next Market-day.

*Ba-*



# 114 *A Farmer, a Corn-Factor,*

*Baker.* Nor am I wanting to assist you to the ut-  
most of my Power to make it known amongst my  
Customers; there's not a Prentice Boy in all my  
Precinct but knows the Price of Corn is rais'd, by  
the apparent Diminution of his Breakfast. To  
say the Truth, I'm so us'd to lessen it, that they  
are asking often for the reason on't, when I can  
give 'em none; and yet I thank my Stars, I sel-  
dom am without one Lye or other, to help me out  
I am so put to't. As I remember, on last Whit-  
son-Week, I gave out that the Price of Corn was  
risen, and made my Bread the less, and being ask'd  
the Reason, and not having a good one ready, I  
very luckily espy'd two or three Quakers, and up-  
on that I told 'em, it was the Time o'th' Quakers  
Yearly Meeting; and such a vast innumerable  
Multitude as come to that, had rais'd the Price  
of Corn.

*Meal-man.* Nor Farmer, Wou'd I have  
you think that I am without putting my  
helping Hand to raise the Price of Corn:  
And to this End, I sometimes put some Bran  
amongst my Meal, and tell 'em that the  
Price of Corn's so high, I can afford no bet-  
ter. Nay, sometimes in a Sack of Meal, I  
pinch some out; it may be half a Bushel, or  
thereabouts; and if it be found out, I lay  
the Fault upon the Price of Corn. But these  
are ways that I don't commonly make use of,  
unless it be to some Dutch-Boars that live a-  
bout White-Chappel, or some of the French Re-  
fugees within that Neighbourhood.

*Farmer.* Well, Gentlemen, I see you're all my  
Friends, and are all willing to promote my Inter-  
est; and therefore I can do no less than treat  
you.

*All.*

*a Meal-man, and a Baker.* 115

*All.* We thank you, Sir ; you may be sure  
we'll make your Interest our own. [*Exeunt.*

*Corn-Factor* alone.

*Corn-Factor.* Well, I see the Farmer's positive, I must allow him a Crown a Bushel for all the Wheat he sends me : And I must study the best Means I can to do it : And surely I can better do't than others, for I'm not only the Corn-Factor, but the Carman too ; and get as well by Carriage as by Factorage ; as well, I'm sure I do, but not so much ; for till I turn'd a Factor, my Carriage brought me in but very little : But since I've better Horses, and they're better kept : My House is as well furnished now, as the best Man's i'the Parish ; and I have the Repute among my Neighbours, of one that's well to pass : And all this cou'd not be without good Gettings : The Rise of Corn brings Money in apace ; and therefore 'tis my Business to promote it. For this cause 'tis, that where I've good Store by me, I rather choose to keep it up, tho' it grows a little musty by that means, and so is spoil'd, I can bring the Market down by selling it : Or then I turn it into Starch, and so get more for that, than for good Corn ; for I allow the Farmer then but a half rate for damag'd goods. And then my Gain's considerable to the Bakers ; they pay me well for trusting in ; and tho' I trust 'em, 'tis with the Farmer's Money : And when they're got in my Debt, they must do what I please, for they stand more in fear of me than of the Glory ; which they well know they every week deserve.

*Thus*

316 *A Farmer, a Corn-Factor*

*Thus nothing can my hopes of Wealth destroy,  
For all the Knavery 'ent in the Baker's Boy.*

*Thus Reader, here's another cheating Club,  
And each a Factor is of Beelzebub :  
Whose Sins arriv'd unto a great Degree,  
When at God's Blessing they repining be :  
The only thing the Farmer seems to fear,  
Is, that there will be too much Corn each Year;  
For all he wishes is to have it dear :  
Many repine because they have no more;  
But here's a Wretch is angry at his Fate;  
And because he's rich, would starve the Poor :  
The Factor he would fain advance the Price,  
And all Occasions takes to make it rise :  
Thus when it rains, he cries the Corn is drown'd;  
And when 'tis fair it withers on the Ground :  
And when he nothing of all this can say,  
He cries the griping Farmers keep't away ;  
When at the same time any Man alive  
May see a thousand Sacks upon the Hill :  
But tho' the greatest Plenty does appear,  
That the Price falls, he has no Ears to hear.  
He cares not who has reason to complain,  
So he by others Losses can but gain.  
And to conclude, the Meal-man and the Baker  
Are of the others Wickedness Partaker.  
But what Condition in the World is worse,  
Than theirs whose Blessing is the People's Curse.  
But honest Farmers surely will discern,  
That in this Matter they have no Concern .  
The like may honest Factors also see,  
Meal-men and Bakers too, if such there be :  
For we lay open only Knavery.*

FINIS.

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